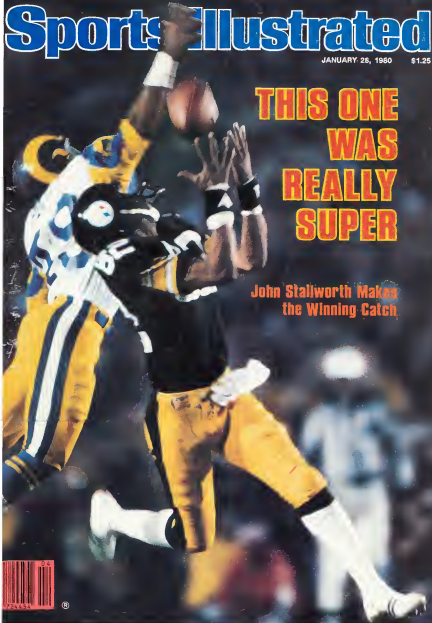


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Next Week:

EASY, BREEZY ISLANDS of the Caribbean, namely the British Virgin, are the backdrop of our annual swimsuit issue. *Swimwear* that Anne Bonny never dreamed of in those islands' practical heyday adorns bunnies created photographically by John Zimmerman in settings selected by Associate Editor Julie Campbell. Senior Writer Robert F. Jones climbs up to a rain forest on the highest mountain of the windiest island cluster, dives down to the underwater remnants of a 19th-century ship, samples the Virgin's hotels and reports on the burgeoning business of bareback yacht charters.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



WILLIE STARGELL AT THE SUPER BOWL. A ROOKIE ONCE MORE

Among the record number of 2,267 press credentials issued by the NFL for Super Bowl XIV was a sideline photographer's pass for the man who was the focus of nearly every sports photographer in the country last October. Willie Stargell, Pops of the Pittsburgh Pirates' Fam-a-lee and 1979 World Series MVP, was one of the eight SI cameramen who shot the Steelers' victory.

Stargell became a camera buff last summer and was drafted as the rookie member of our Super Bowl team by Associate Picture Editor Laurel Frankel, who coordinated the photography in our recent Sportsmen of the Year issue, which featured Stargell and Terry Bradshaw. When Stargell later mentioned to Frankel how much he would enjoy shooting his friends the Steelers at Pasadena, she checked with the NFL and eventually had him accredited as SI's newest photographer—the only time Stargell has ever been a cub.

The assignment delighted Stargell. "This is the most exciting thing to happen to me since the Series," he said. "I feel like a little kid who found out ahead of time what he was getting for Christmas—and it was just what he wanted."

Stargell approached his SI role seriously and with no small amount of insight. "I'm going to try to shoot the things an athlete looks for in another athlete," he said. "Every professional has a preparation stage and an execution stage. For example, say it's third-and-one and the Steelers are somewhere down around the Rams' 20-yard line. I want to focus on Matt Bahr and catch his expression in his preparation stage, when he's going over the things

he has to remember to kick a field goal. Then, if the Steelers get the first down, you can see that the burden has been lifted off him. Or if they don't, he goes to his execution stage. I'd like to get that in a picture."

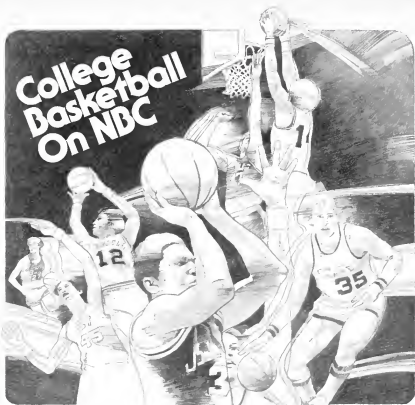
Stargell also was concerned that his presence would disrupt the Steelers' concentration, or that he might cheer his Pittsburgh colleagues—most of whom he describes as "lousy hitters"—too zealously. "I don't want to go anywhere near the Steelers' bench," he said, "because I know all the guys, and I wouldn't want to be there as a distraction. And I hope I don't show too much emotion on the Rams' side of the field, because I don't want to start cheering and have one of their guys give me a forearm to the lips."

As it turned out, Stargell shot the game from the south end zone, where he neither distracted nor infuriated anyone. He lost some picture opportunities by waving a Terrible Towel when he should have been clicking his shutter, but he called the experience "one of the most exciting things I've ever had the privilege of doing. It's been a real thrill."

It would be nice to report that Stargell's first assignment for SI was as good as his last one for the Pirates, but, alas, rookie Willie apparently needs more seasoning; none of his pictures made the magazine. Then again, none of our photographers can hit a home run.

John F. Sullivan

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THE OLYMPIC ULTIMATUM

For more than two weeks the President of the United States had restrained himself, hoping in vain for some sign that the Soviet Union would heed the warning he had delivered in his Jan. 4 television speech. On that occasion, Jimmy Carter said that unless the U.S.S.R. discontinued its "aggressive actions" in Afghanistan, the U.S. might withdraw from the Summer Olympics in Moscow. Last week, with Soviet troops still very much in Afghanistan, the President decided it was time for a flat-out ultimatum: if those forces are not out of Afghan territory by Feb. 20, the U.S. would not compete in Moscow.

Carter outlined this position Sunday on NBC-TV's *Meet the Press* and in a four-page letter to the United States Olympic Committee, of which he is the honorary president. He asked USOC officials to convey to the International Olympic Committee his conviction that unless the Kremlin meets his deadline, the Summer Games should be moved to another site or sites, postponed or canceled. The IOC is on record as opposing all three of those options, but the President was counting on the support of enough other countries to change the IOC's mind or, failing that, to stage a reasonably broad-based "alternate" Olympics. On television, Carter said that if the Soviet Union ignored his ultimatum, he hoped "as many nations as possible" would support scrapping the Moscow Games and that, moreover, he would personally prefer that future Olympics be held at a permanent site—in the case of the Summer Games, in Greece, their original home. But Carter also said pointedly, "Regardless of what other nations might do, I would not favor the sending of an American Olympic team to Moscow while the Soviet invasion troops are in Afghanistan."

During his TV appearance, the President also noted that the American people were squarely in favor of a boycott of the Moscow Games, which certainly appeared to be true—and which no doubt influenced the timing of his decision. When Carter first raised the possibility on Jan. 4, there seemed to be plenty of time to carry out a boycott. Indeed, a

threat to do so at the last possible moment—the Summer Games don't begin until July 19—would have been ideal for making the Soviets squirm. Since then, though, the idea of a boycott has won overwhelming support from editorial writers and the public, not to mention a goodly number of Congressmen who plan to introduce resolutions urging that the Olympics be moved. Given this ground swell, Carter may have felt he had little choice but to act, especially in light of election-year questions about his—and the country's—will

to resist Soviet expansionism.

There also was a growing feeling at the White House that burning a sudden Soviet de-escalation in Afghanistan, steering clear of the Moscow Games is simply the right thing to do. In the Administration's view, the prospect of the U.S. competing in Moscow while Soviet troops are occupying Afghanistan evokes a specter of American participation in the 1936 Berlin Olympics that Hitler used to glorify Nazism. Another factor behind the President's ultimatum was the obvious importance of the Games to Moscow. Most countries playing host to the Olympics in modern times have used them to promote themselves, but none have gone about it with quite

the zeal of the Soviets, who have spent grand sums of money to preen for the Games and have somewhat nervously prepared to welcome an unprecedented influx of foreigners. Kremlinologists theorize that the Soviet leaders expect the Games to confer upon them long-sought legitimacy and that an effective boycott would foil that expectation as well as sow unease among their citizenry. Carter reflected this view in his letter to the USOC, saying that a cancellation of the Moscow Games would constitute a "powerful signal of world outrage [that] cannot be hidden from the Soviet people, and will reverberate around the globe." The President added, "Perhaps it will deter future aggression."

The scenario seemingly envisioned by the White House would include a mass exodus from the 1980 Olympics by so many countries that the IOC would be forced to scuttle the Games. Although IOC Director Monique Berlioux said

continued



The President met the press—and some hard Olympic questions

continued

last week that "those who believe there will be no Moscow Games are the victims of wishful thinking," another Olympic insider gloomily conceded that if the U.S.S.R. takes military action in Yugoslavia, the Games might indeed have to be canceled or postponed, two of Carter's alternatives. Given the mind-boggling logistics involved, the President's third option, that the Olympics be moved to a new site, is less promising, but the Administration has made it known it is prepared to spend as much as \$500 million to subsidize relocated Games. If the IOC declined to go along, the President would be willing to underwrite a counter-Olympics, leaving the real Games, to the U.S.S.R.'s everlasting humiliation, largely to Communist-bloc countries.

Carter obviously hopes the Olympics would somehow survive all this and be, well, born again. One undercurrent in the U.S. public clamor for a boycott is that even before the events in Afghanistan the Olympics had become over-politicized, which they certainly had. Still, the resulting argument that they therefore be junked is a convenient one; it was advanced far less loudly and eloquently in this country, for example, when black Africans boycotted the Olympics in 1976 over a cause important to their interests. For all their flaws, the Games are worth preserving, which Carter acknowledged in suggesting, with no apologies to the organizers of the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles, that Greece would be an "appropriate" permanent site. Although there are drawbacks to that suggestion—for one thing, Greece has not always been the most politically stable country—it would be a happy ending indeed if the crisis over the '80 Olympics wound up producing such meaningful Olympic reforms as the elimination of nationalist pomp and the novelty of having athletes compete as individuals rather than as members of national teams.

The scenario is far bleaker, however, if the U.S. rallies little support abroad for a boycott. The '80 Games would lose considerable luster if the U.S. were absent, but the Soviets would inevitably try to persuade their citizens that the Americans stayed home because they were afraid of being wiped out on the playing fields. A unilateral U.S. boycott, frets four-time Olympic discus champion Al Oerter, would be "like sticking your tongue out at somebody." Indeed, there is a danger that an inability to rouse international support for a boycott could wind up making the U.S. appear ineffectual.

Which raises the critical question: What will other governments and Olympic committees do? So far the only countries to announce that they plan to boycott are Saudi Arabia and the neighboring states of Qatar and Djibouti, which scarcely amounts to a mass movement. Israel and Egypt have said they would favor relocation of the Games, and British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and Canadian Prime Minister Joe Clark have strongly expressed the same

opinion. Public reaction in much of Western Europe to a boycott has been lukewarm, but Administration officials imply that many countries would follow the U.S. lead. Lloyd Cutler, the President's counsel, said last week, "Do not infer from what you read that we'll be doing anything alone."

There is also some question about what U.S. Olympic officials and athletes might do. The USOC brass declined to commit themselves on the President's ultimatum, saying only that his "recommendations" would undoubtedly be considered when the USOC's 82-member executive board meets at the organization's headquarters this weekend in Colorado Springs; they also indicated that they might poll prospective Olympians for their views. Although that seemed to imply that the USOC might defy its honorary president, the prospect of this happening is unlikely. "If Carter tells us it's in the national interest for us to stay home from Moscow, that's going to have quite an impact," conceded Robert Kane, the USOC's real president. Gymnastics standout Kurt Thomas said with resignation, "If the President says we're not going to go, I guess we don't." A number of leading track and field performers reluctantly echoed that sentiment (page 48).

There is a certain melancholy in all this. It has been clear all along that if the U.S.S.R. did not withdraw from Afghanistan, the U.S. might eventually have to rule out competing in Moscow come July. It is also clear that the rising tide of sentiment among the American public in favor of a boycott has hastened the making of decisions before it might otherwise have been necessary. And certainly it would have been preferable if Carter could have somehow marshaled the widespread support of other countries before he delivered his ultimatum. It is to be hoped that the ultimatum now will bring about international backing. That is most likely to happen if Americans, including athletes and Olympic officials, rally around the President. If his challenge to the Moscow Games gains broad support within the next month, the Soviets conceivably still could get the message and de-escalate in Afghanistan. If not, only time will tell whether the Olympics can be postponed or moved, as the President suggests. If all else fails and the U.S. has to settle for alternate Olympics or none at all, SI believes the President has taken the right course. His action will have at least some of the desired psychological impact on the U.S.S.R.

It may or may not be an accident that the Feb. 20 deadline falls during the 13-day Winter Olympics in Lake Placid. In his letter to the USOC, Carter said he wanted the Winter Games to go on, presumably with Soviet athletes on hand. As things now stand, the President is scheduled to officially welcome those athletes when the Games open on Feb. 13. The prospect of Soviet leaders having the pleasure of returning the compliment in Moscow on July 19 seems remote indeed.

—JERRY KIRSCHBAUM

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THEY WERE JUST



It was steel curtains for L.A.'s Vince Ferragamo after a blitz by A. F. Thomas (24) and Robin CRE (56).

TOO MUCH

The sloppy Rams had 'em on the ropes in Super Bowl XIV, but the Steelers' old-pros prevailed once again BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN



CONTINUED

It was an emotional Super Bowl and easily the best of the XIV played so far. It was the way Super Bowls are supposed to be played, but haven't been. The score changed hands six times before it ended Pittsburgh 31, Los Angeles 19, but only the guys who had the 11 points with the bookies read it as a 12-point Steeler win. The Rams made it that close. They stayed in it because of a sustained intensity that brought them great honor, because of an unexpectedly brilliant performance by young Quarterback Vince Ferragamo, and because of a tackle-to-tackle ferocity that had the Steeler defense on its heels much of the afternoon.

But the Steelers aren't exactly virgins in this type of warfare, and when they needed the great plays they got them—two Terry Bradshaw-to-John Stallworth passes worth 118 yards in the fourth quarter and a deep interception by Jack Lambert on his own 14 that cut off the

Rams with 5:24 left to play and Pittsburgh ahead 24-19. The Steelers routinely make the great plays, and when you get all excited about those feats, they'll look at you level and say things like: "I've made better catches in Super Bowls . . . a couple of one-handers one time" (Stallworth), or "It's part of our basic coverage . . . it's on the films" (Lambert); or "I really didn't think it would work . . . I hadn't been completing it in practice" (Bradshaw).

Which is why the Steelers have won four Super Bowl rings in the last six years, and why Joe Greene can say, "This game was an invitation engraved in gold."

"An invitation to what?" someone asked, on cue.

"To immortality . . . along with those tremendous pacesetters, the Green Bay Packers," Greene said. He thought for a moment and then added, "Next year it'll all be forgotten. It'll be, 'What have you done for me lately?' A vicious, vicious cycle."

As the Steelers discovered on Sunday, it's getting tougher and tougher to stay on top. Two weeks before, Houston was



Ferragamo's indifference never showed, even when Steelers such as Lambert were hot on his heels.



supposed to roll over—but hadn't; the Oilers had hung tough until the fourth quarter of the AFC Championship Game. This time it was the Rams who were supposed to lie down. The betting was even money that Ferragamo, making only his eighth start, would not be in at the end. The only Ferragamo interview of note that had appeared in the papers during the week was a piece about his malapropisms: "How they arrived at their conclusions behooves me," etc.

But Ferragamo was clear-headed in Pasadena, and he led a very spirited team. As the clubs changed ends to start the fourth quarter with the Rams leading 19-17, a significant thing happened. The Rams had intercepted Bradshaw—for the third time—at the L.A. four-yard line, and Wendell Tyler had broken one for 13 yards, out to the 17, behind a big block by his fullback, Cullen Bryant. Then the whistle blew, and next thing you knew, the Rams were sprinting for the other end of the field.

"We talked about doing it," said Left

Elendorf's interception set up a Corral field goal that thrust the Rams into a 13-10 halftime lead



Tyler gained 60 yards but absorbed so many hard hits that he had to leave the game five times

Tackle Doug France. "It was a very good psyche; it let them know we were ready to go. We had 83 yards to cover, and we had to show them we had the strength to do it. We were saying to them, 'Hey, we're not that tired.'"

The Steelers took their time switching ends. No sense getting all excited about a change of quarters.

"No, I didn't see it," Greene said of the L.A. sprint, showing a tiny bit of annoyance for the only time during the post-game interviews. "I had other things on my mind."

"I think the Rams were just excited," said Cornerback Mel Blount, like Greene a veteran of Steeler Coach Chuck Noll's eight playoff teams. "You know, it's the Super Bowl and all that."

If Hollywood, not Pasadena, had been hosting XIV, the Rams would have driven those 83 yards and put the game away, and the losingest team—9-7 on the regular season—ever to come into a Super Bowl would have tasted the golden bubbly. But what happened was that the Rams ran three plays, gained six yards and had to punt. And it was a terrific

convulsion





On Pittsburgh's first TD, Randy Grossman (84) wiped out Elmerford, Rocky Blauer (20) blocked

SUPER BOWL continued

punt by Ken Clark, 59 yards, one yard short of his career best. The Steelers got the ball on their own 25, and, hey, the Rams were still on top of this game.

First-and-10: Jack Reynolds stuffs

Franco Harris after a couple of yards. Second-and-eight: Sidney Thornton drops a screen pass, but the play is messed up anyway because Gerry Mullins, the Steeler right guard, is 10 yards downfield. Hang on, Rams, the champs are

coming apart. Third-and-eight at the Pittsburgh 27 and what to do? Normally, the Steelers would have gone into a three-wide-receiver set and tried to work something underneath the zone defense for the first down, but they didn't have three wide receivers left.

Lynn Swann had given the Steelers a brief 17-13 lead in the third quarter with a leaping catch of a 47-yard touchdown pass, but he had been knocked out of the game one series later as the result of a very bad decision by Bradshaw. Bradshaw had rolled to his left, looking for help, and had dumped the ball to Swann, curling to the left side. Throw late over the middle and you run the risk of getting either an interception or one of your receivers killed. Bradshaw got the ball high to Swann, who got a very rough ride from Cornerback Pat Thomas. When Swann came to, his vision was blurred and one whole area was totally blank. "Lower right quadrant," he said. "I couldn't see anything at all in that area. The doc told me I'd had it for the day."

Theo Bell, a backup receiver for the Steelers, had been removed from the game after taking a vicious shot by Linebacker George Andrews on a punt, and now, with third-and-eight on their own 27, with a little over 12 minutes to go and trailing by two points, the Steelers had only two wide receivers left on the

continued



Larry Anderson spotted the Steelers with his five kick returns for a Super Bowl-record 162 yards



out Thomas, and then Harris rumbled across.



Swinn soared above Thomas to catch Bradshaw's ill-advised third-quarter pass, but he was injured upon crashing to terra firma.

roster. Bennie Cunningham, the tight end, split wide left. Jim Smith, Swann's backup, was wide right, and Stallworth was in the slot inside him. Chuck Noll sent in the play: "60 Prevent Slot Hook and Go." A pass to Stallworth, who would make a little hitch inside and then take off.

"I didn't like the call," Bradshaw said, "but, you know, the coach sent it in. I hadn't been hitting that pass all week. It's a matter of building confidence. You don't build confidence in things that don't work. Maybe it was our ace in the hole, I don't know."

It hadn't been a good week for Bradshaw. He was beat, having slept only four or five hours a night. The night before the game he went to bed at midnight but woke up at 3 a.m. "I couldn't get back to sleep," he said. He had dragged through the practices, the interview sessions, the pre-Super Bowl madness that turned the Steelers' Newport Beach hotel into a zoo. Meanwhile, the Rams were practicing on their home turf over in Anaheim and going home to the wife and kiddies at night. On Thursday, Bradshaw gave one of his zillion radio interviews of

the week. His answers were mechanical.

"You certainly seem laid-back going into this game," the guy with the mike said.

"Yeah, well, you know, we've been here before," Bradshaw said, giving stock answer No. 435.

"Laid-back, hell, I'm tired. Tired," he said later. "I'm not sleeping. I just can't sleep. . . . I don't know what it is. Pressure, I guess. Tension. I've never felt it this bad. I haven't thrown the ball well in two weeks. I'm just tired of football. Drained."

Ray Mansfield, the old Steeler center, dropped by the hotel to visit with his former teammates. "I could always look at Terry before a game and tell you what kind of a day he was going to have," Mansfield said. "If he was a little glassy-eyed—you'd be talking to him and he'd look through you like you weren't there—I'd know it was going to be a long afternoon."

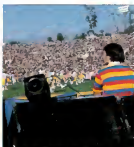
"How does he look today?" Mansfield was asked.

"Don't ask," he said.

And now the coach is telling Bradshaw that his arm is going to win it. Brad-

continued

WORST SEAT



Loudspeakers dominated the view from Row M.

Who were admitted past Gate A, headed through Tunnel 24 and directed to the subterranean Row M quickly perceived that our experience of Super Bowl XIV would be something special. From our first-row seats—in the Southern California alphabet, it seems "M" has supplanted "A" as the opening letter—in the west corner of the Rose Bowl's south end zone, it seemed as if we were not so much \$30 ticket-holders at the most serious football game in creation as passersby who happened on some activity or other at the corner park that arrested our interest sufficiently to cause us to plop down on the grass and watch for a bit. This sense of informality was enhanced by the number of people—cameramen, police officers, cheerleaders, halftime performers, stadium functionaries, even players—who passed before us in pursuit of their various official duties. Then, too, we could see only what occurred right in front of us, so whatever it was the Steelers and Rams were doing a mile or so upfield was hopelessly beyond our ken. It was possible at our remove from the proceedings to mistake a bird in flight for a forward pass—an interesting, not entirely unpleasant form of altered perception.

But any edge we might have had over more conventionally situated spectators in terms of positional detachment was more than counterbalanced by our proximity to the Rose Bowl loudspeakers. These gigantic black boxes stood not five feet distant and howled continually in our faces like some nightmare stereo system. Stadium Announcer John Ramsey, who, in happier circumstances, sounds like an agreeable, if slightly pretentious, bass profundo, came through to us in a hysterical drill sergeant. Ordinarily inoffensive declarations, such as "Harris tackled by Brudzinski," reached us with the shrill urgency of a command to man the barricades.

Corral converted two field goals and made an extra point, but missed a potentially crucial PAT.



IN THE HOUSE

against foreign invasion. It was not fair to Ramsey's performance that on those merciful occasions when the sound system filtered, we in Gate-A-Tunnel-24-Row-M cheered the silence as lustily as touchdowns.

The din was at its worst during the pregame and halftime entertainments, both of which it seemed lasted longer than the game itself. When the Up-With-People singers and dancers, an extraordinarily depressing collection of happiness zealots, essayed a tribute to the Big-Band Era, even those of us who regard that interlude in musical history as the apex of creation and all that has happened since as incontrovertible evidence of cultural depravity were forced to clap our hands over our ears for protection. *Juke Box Saturday Night* sounded as if it were being performed by a 500-piece Glenn Miller band. The incessant racket is undoubtedly what led one of the Gate-A-Tunnel-24-Row-M denizens, Don Kuchner of San Dimas, Calif., to comment, "This has to be the worst seat I've ever had," a sentence, it should be noted, that he could not possibly have heard himself say, what with the toilet tissue packed in his ears.

But Ramsey did not shout at us all the time, and even the bands were sometimes silent, and it was then that we realized the specialness of our situation, the advantages with which a seemingly cruel fate had endowed us. Watching the offensive team move away from us to the mysterious northern end of the field was an experience fully as poignant as bidding farewell to dear friends embarking on a lengthy train journey. There was no telling when we might see them again.

Because we were seeing only a portion of the action, we found ourselves becoming far more observant spectators whenever the play moved south. We may not be able to see everything, we told ourselves, but, by heaven, what little we can see we will see truly and purely, like Hemingway characters examining a mountain stream or a frozen daiquiri. Since there were times when his posterior was practically in our faces, we could discern that the Rams' Wendell Tyler ran closer to the ground than any of the other ballcarriers. A man clutching a Terrible Towel once shouted out in anguish as Tyler tunneled under tacklers, "Get that little turkey!" It was a harsh order but an apt description. To us Tyler *did* look like a little turkey. And Jack Lambert, at eye level, he seems even more agitated than he does from above, stomping about behind the defensive line like some monstrous flamenco dancer. These are little things, perhaps, but when time is short, you can't afford to miss anything.

We are gone from each other now, we occupants of Gate-A-Tunnel-24-Row-M. And, God willing, we will never see each other again.

—RON FIMRITE



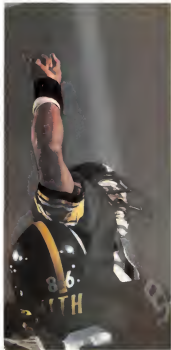
McCutcheon caught all the Steelers' first downs.



...and threw a TD pass to Ron Smith.



The Steeler defense got the signal from Lambert in the form of a high-decibel tongue-lashing.



Stallworth got a lift after giving his team a bit

shaw's first interception, which had set up a Rams' go-ahead field goal—13-10—in the second quarter, had brought back visions of the interception Houston's Vernon Perry ran back for a TD in the AFC title game. His first interception against the Rams had been a late throw over the middle to Swann; Bradshaw had tried to force the ball through double coverage, and Dave Elmendorf had picked it off. Bradshaw's second interception had been a ball that got away from him, a bloop throw to Smith on a deep pattern. His third one had been a force to Stallworth over the middle, deep in Ram territory, with the Steelers behind 19-17.

There had almost been a fourth one in the third quarter, with the Rams still on top 19-17. Bradshaw had tried to find Swann inside, and Nolan Cromwell, the L.A. free safety, had roared up like the Daesenberg that had transported Steeler patriarch Art Rooney out for the coin toss. "The only thing that could have stopped him," said Steeler Center Mike Webster, "was a .357 magnum." But Cromwell dropped the ball.

Third-and-eight on the 27. Your game to win. Terry baby. The Steelers' running game? Forget it. Thirty-seven carries for only 84 yards on the day. "The Rams did their homework," Webster said. "When we'd audible, Jack Reynolds would call the correct defense for

the play we audibled to. They knew us." "I could see them doing research on the sidelines," Ram Defensive End Fred Dryer said. "I think Terry was having trouble reading us."

There are not many ways a human being can throw a football better than Bradshaw did to Stallworth on that third-and-eight play. Stallworth got inside Rod Perry, the cornerback, and behind Elmendorf, the strong safety, and took it 73 yards for a 24-19 Pittsburgh lead. Two series later Stallworth did it again—45 yards on the same play—only this time he didn't bother to throw the little inside fake. It set up Franco Harris' one-yard touchdown for the 31-19 margin that rewarded the Steeler bettors.

"God-given ability," Webster said. "You just can't beat it. Terry had enough ability to overcome the mistakes, the three interceptions, the bad week he'd had. He had the courage to go with that long stuff."

In the Rams' locker room Perry answered the same question over and over: "Inside-outside coverage. I had the outside. I did the best I could. Hey, haven't you ever seen a perfect play?"

Emotions were running high in that dressing room. On his way in, Tyler had turned to the writers and said, "I didn't fumble in the game. Put that in your paper!" Tyler never fumbled. No one did. The Steelers banged Tyler around plenty, too. Knocked him out of the game five times. Count 'em. But he kept coming back.

"We wanted to gang-tackle him because he has a reputation for fumbling," Lambert said. "We wanted to make him know he'd been in a football game."

It went both ways. On his third carry Tyler broke a 39-yarder, which set up the Rams' first score and gave them a 7-3 lead. Faked two guys off their feet on the slippery sideline turf.

"It set the tone," Greene said. "Put us in the tank, so to speak."

In a corner Ferragamo was trying to describe what it had been like to face 103,985 fans and 11 Steelers in his first Super Bowl. "I tried audibling one time at the noisy end of the field," he said. "No one heard me. I was a little leery about audibling after that. There was a 30-second clock, but it was kind of con-



When the hits' and holters' were over, Mean Joe and Jackie Slater exchanged pleasantries.

cealed. It was tough to see until it started getting dark. It was there for you, though, if you could make it out. Hell, you'd better make it out."

Ferragamo was asked a technical question. "I tried zooming—and motion—they took me out of it," he said. No one knew what he was talking about. Ferragamo stopped for a moment and looked up. "It just hurts to know you're that good and you can't win it," he said. "It's a hurting feeling inside."

"Ferragamo was the better quarterback today," Webster said in the other dressing room. "Overall, I'd have to say he did the better job."

It was a strange role-reversal for the clubs. The Rams were the muscle team, not the Steelers. L.A. established a running game very early and worked it. The Steelers went big play, big gamble. Three big plays, three interceptions.

"Anyone who calls us dogs," Jack Youngblood, the Rams' defensive end, said, "well, let him call me that to my face."

"We gave it everything we had, we went out there with everything in our hearts," Dennis Harrah, the L.A. right guard, was saying. "We picked up all their stunts, all their defensive-line games. I think we surprised them with our guts and determination."

He was looking at the floor. When he looked up, you could see he was crying.

"I'm sorry, but I just can't talk about it anymore," Harrah said.

Jim Jodit, a reserve running back, put his arm around Harrah. "C'mon, man, the bus is leaving," he said.

"I'll be all right," Harrah said.

"I said a few nice things to Joe Greene after the game," Harrah said. "I hugged my buddy [Steeler defensive tackle] Gary Dunn. I just ... I'm sorry, I can't say any more."

There were times when the Pittsburgh defense looked shaky, when it looked as if the Steelers were barely hanging on. They reached Ferragamo for four sacks, but they had to use multiple blitzes to do it. Linebackers, safeties, cornerbacks—the Steelers threw it all at the kid, Ferragamo said. "On one of them—when we were down on their 13 and they put 11 men up on the line and sacked me—well, maybe I should have called time out before I ran the play. Maybe it's inexperience. We'll be back here again."

The Rams fooled the Steeler secondary

continued



For Bradshaw and the Steelers, telling the football world "We're No. 1" has become an annual ritual



Owners Art Rooney and Georgie Rosenbloom had a jawl-by-cheek tête-à-tête.

continued

THE ANATOMY OF A TOUCHDOWN

A few days before XIV, John Stallworth was weaving unobtrusively through a room crowded with media folk when he suddenly stumbled over a tripod supporting a television spotlight that was focused on Stallworth's fellow Steeler, and wide receiver, Lynn Swann. Among Pittsburgh's pass catchers, the spotlight is always on Swann. But as Stallworth proved once again on Sunday, he can work his way through a defense, if not a press conference, as well as any receiver in the game. In the fourth quarter at the Rose Bowl it was Stallworth's two catches for 118 yards and the game-winning touchdown that gave the Steelers their fourth Super Bowl win in four tries.

All those Super Bowl triumphs have come since Swann and Stallworth arrived in Pittsburgh via the 1974 draft. Swann was the Steelers' No. 1 pick that year, a consensus All-America with legendary leaping ability and skills honed to perfection on a USC team that had won the national championship his junior year. And he was polished off the field as on. He quickly established himself as Pittsburgh's top receiver, winning the Super Bowl X MVP award in his second season. On the other hand, Stallworth had his training in the unsophisticated football world of Alabama A&M. He was a slow developer on the Steelers, hampered by a series of injuries, mostly hamstring pulls, in his first three seasons. He also was intensely shy. He welcomed the cover of Swann's shadow.

Stallworth didn't become Swann's full-time

counterpart until 1977, but in the last three years he has come to be regarded as an equal in the NFL's best wide receiver tandem. Rival coaches talk about "Swann and Stallworth" as if they are one, their accomplishments inseparable, like, say, those of Lewis and Clark. It was no surprise that the Rams double-covered both of them Sunday. Los Angeles' coverage consisted of a defender inside and outside of each wide receiver, instead of one man fronting and one dropping in behind each of them. To counter this, Pittsburgh had added a play called "60 Prevent Slot Hook and Go" to its playbook. The wide receiver would fake a hook back toward the line of scrimmage, hoping to draw his defenders in, then turn and sprint deep. "When they double-cover you with a man in back, you can't do that," said Stallworth, "but with one on either side, sometimes you can split them and get deep." The Steelers had tried the play about eight times in practice during the week but had never completed the pass.

Bradshaw didn't call "60 Prevent Slot Hook and Go" for Stallworth until early in the fourth quarter. At that point Stallworth had one catch for three yards, Swann was on the sidelines with a head injury, the Rams had a 19-17 lead, and Bradshaw had thrown interceptions on the Steelers' two previous possessions. The second interception came when Bradshaw tried to force the ball to a double-covered Stallworth. Now, on third-and-eight from the Steeler 27, Ram Safety Dave Elmdorff and Cornerback Rod Perry once

again swooped in on Stallworth as he hooked back toward the line of scrimmage. Only this time Stallworth whirled and headed deep. Elmdorff was caught short, and the nickel back, Eddie Brown, misread the play. Bradshaw lofted the ball perfectly, just beyond Perry's reach, and Stallworth was gone for the 73-yard touchdown that put Pittsburgh ahead to stay 24-19. Such an occasion certainly called for a showy spike or perhaps a slam dunk over the crossbar. But Stallworth has never learned how to play to crowds and TV cameras in moments of triumph. "When I crossed the goal line," he said, "my only thought was to look downfield and see if there were any yellow flags." There weren't.

Bradshaw called the play once more—on a third-and-seven at the Steeler 33 with less than five minutes remaining and the Rams desperate for the ball. This time Stallworth made a beautiful over-the-head catch between Elmdorff and Perry for a 45-yard gain. Always low-key, Stallworth described the reception as routine. Five plays later Franco Harris cemented Pittsburgh's 31-19 win with a one-yard touchdown snash.

After the game it was Bradshaw, thrower of the two passes to Stallworth, who was named the MVP. And it was Swann, who caught five passes for 79 yards and one touchdown, whose name was listed three times on the list of new individual career records in the Super Bowl. Once again the spotlight was elsewhere. But at least this time Stallworth didn't trip over it. —JOE MARSHALL



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The more you look,
the more you like.



there. I haven't seen that on a Pittsburgh team in a long while."

"Jack Lambert hollered so hard in the huddle in the first half that I got scared," said Steeler Strong Safety Donnie Shell. "I can't repeat what he said, but he got real red in the face. He said we were sleepwalking out there."

The final chapter is that the Steelers' big-play people—Bradshaw, Lambert,

Swann, Stallworth, the guys who had done it so many times before—rose up one more time.

"The real fact," Greene said, "was that we just had too many good football players. It had to show today because the Rams were so high emotionally and they were executing so well."

He looked at his audience. "You can't beat talent," he said.

END

THE TV REACTION: NO REACTION

The success of a telecast of a great sports spectacle depends on the brilliance of the event itself. CBS' coverage of Super Bowl XIV was lit up by the glistening quality of the game: the big plays, the back-and-forth surges of two heavyweight teams. The estimated 102 million viewers saw superb entertainment; the 21 sponsors, who shelled out at the rate of \$468,000 per commercial minute, no doubt feel they got their money's worth; and CBS looked forward to numbers that would edge it past ABC in the ratings scramble.

At times the CBS production had an art-for-art's-sake tone. There were all those dramatic sideline shots from the ground up—solitary football players heroically outlined against the California sky with a blimp floating in the background; musicians and dancers similarly silhouetted during the halftime show; and later, Pittsburgh Coach Chuck Noll, amid a cluster of his behemoths, framed in the arclights and darkness.

It sometimes seemed that we were watching a football movie instead of a football telecast. Right from the beginning CBS reached back for a *High Noon* effect at the coin toss as a pair of hand-held cameras accompanied the captains onto the field and the picture cut back and forth between the opposing foremen advancing toward each other.

Credit it all to the influence of *Movieland* on a production crew that was bivouacked in Beverly Hills and had played its own intramural classic, Super Bowl XIII, at Cheviot Park during the week. (The Rams beat the Blues 21-0.) Certainly, some weird influences were at work on Jack Whitaker during his opening for the pregame show when he belittled the Hollywood side of the Los Angeles megalopolis as a bunch of front-runners while extolling Pasadena as "certainly the most civilized city in California."

For all the dramatic camera work, the CBS crew, headed by producer Bob Stenner and director Sandy Grossman, missed on a more basic aspect of big-game coverage: reaction shots. Brilliant technicians like Grossman have educated us to look for certain reactions as part of these 16-camera productions,

and we now ask why when we don't see them, which was the case all too often Sunday.

When Los Angeles' Frank Corral missed an extra-point attempt, he surely must have reacted in an animated fashion. We did not, however, get a quick glimpse of him after the miss. Nor were there reaction shots of Corral and Pittsburgh's Matt Blair after they kicked field goals. On none of Terry Bradshaw's three interceptions did we see an isolated replay of one of the NFL's most animated quarterbacks reacting to his misplay.

And the use of replays was less than first-rate. Frequently two replays were shown, but sometimes the second one came so close to the beginning of the next play that it momentarily confused the viewer, who did not know if a replay or live action was unfolding. But there was only one replay of the botched—and unorthodox—onside kick by Blair after Pittsburgh's first score.

Also on Sunday, the CBS announcers dwelled too often on scores that never appeared on the screen. Commenting on the opening sequence of the game, play-by-play man Pat Summerall noted that there were "extracurricular activities"—a euphemism for shoving or punching—up the field, but the camera left us uninformed. Analyst Tom Brookshier stated shortly thereafter that "there have been altercations on almost every play," but we did not get a look at any kind of unsportsmanlike activity. In addition, the purists who chart games were not always apprised of the yardline or down by Summerall.

As for Brookshier, he rambled on in his ever-chuckling, star-adoring way. Brookshier's almost unwavering pattern was this: stalwart makes good play, Brookshier says how good play was; Brookshier says what a great man stalwart is. When Pittsburgh's Jack Lambert made an ordinary tackle, Brookshier said, "He's quite an athlete." Upon Bradshaw's second long pass completion to John Stallworth, Brookshier reported that Bradshaw is a born-again Christian and that "I love him; I've always loved him."

For many viewers, love is not enough.

—STEVE ISAACS

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BASKETBALL ITALIAN STYLE

It's not the NBA, but some emigres from the U.S. have found the game in Italy to be their cup of espresso

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

It may be said that on leaving the mother country the emigrants had, in general, no notion of superiority one over another. The happy and powerful do not go into exile. . . .

—ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE

It had not been one of the more memorable nights of Steve Green's basketball career, and as he pulled a towel up the back of his neck, over his head and down over his eyes, he wheezed in a way that sounded something like a baby snoring; it was not quite a laugh, rather a mirthless kind of snort. "Preface everything I say about this place," Green muttered darkly, "with the music from *The Twilight Zone*." Then he bulged his eyes in a way that must have reminded his Italian teammates in the locker room of Pughacci on a bad day.

The game that evening at the Palazzetto dello Sport—a small dome-shaped arena not far from the great wall guarding the more ancient precincts of Rome—had been close and typically frantic. If it had not been the kind of artistic triumph you'd want to hang in the Villa Borghese, it nonetheless was satisfying to the local fans, the home team, Stella-Azzurra Roma, having won 85-83. In the final five minutes the lead had teetered back and forth between Stella-Azzurra—Green's team—and the visiting Superga-Mestre, much to the delight of

the crowd, which had been hearing a selection of eerie-sounding chants from some fans, thus making them sound like a choir of crazed Gregorian monks. In the last 30 seconds of play, this sing-along was suspended in favor of the more resonant *Stef-la! Stef-la! Stef-la!* It seemed as if Marlon Brando might appear in a T shirt at any moment.

Green, an American who was the star of the 1975 team at Indiana University that went 31-1, finished the game with nine points and nearly as many turnovers. He had been timid about taking open shots and had not played the American-style game, unforgivable shortcomings in the eyes of the Stella adores. That this reluctance to shoot was not shared by Green's American teammate, 6' 9" Center Wilson Washington, a former 76er and Net, only served to make matters worse for Green.

Green had played four seasons of pro basketball in the U.S. and had watched two ABA franchises (the Utah Stars and the Spirits of St. Louis) fold underneath him before being given his release by the Indiana Pacers last summer. When no other NBA team expressed an interest in him, Green decided to play out the final season of his career in Italy, where American players are considered first among equals and where some Americans are more equal than others.

In 1965 the federation that governs Italian basketball granted each of the 28 teams in that country's two highest classifications—A-1 and A-2—the right to hire one foreigner (99% of whom were American) to supplement its all-Italian

continued

Rome and its Colosseum are O.K., but it's the Pontec Silverdome that Steve Sheppard longs for.



roster. These Americans, at first a mix of the near-great, the not-so-great and the saw-somebody-great-once-on-TV, were to serve as ambassadors from the country where basketball had been invented. So the Italian clubs went after big men who could play forward and center. The idea was for the Americans to teach the game by example—when it came to basketball, Italians thought shirts-and-skis were things you bought at Gucci. Pucci and, if need be, Fiorucci. The experiment was such a success and the game was becoming so popular that in 1977 the Italian federation permitted the addition of a second foreigner on each roster.

The Italians opened their arms to these American Gullivers, not to mention their hearts and, most remarkably, their treasuries. Americans received salaries and perquisites unimagined by their Italian teammates. The U.S. players were given free apartments and free cars, and most were paid upward of \$35,000 a year free of Italian taxes. The Italian players usually had to hold down other jobs to support themselves.

For their lire, the Italian club owners expected each American to be a star, and they did little to discourage the development of a caste system. "They want you to score," says Steve Sheppard, formerly of the Chicago Bulls and the Detroit Pistons, now of Lazio-Eldorado Roma. "I've always got the green light and that's been good for my ego. In the States I was always the one getting yelled at for making a mistake or taking a bad shot. Over here they don't say nothing to me—they yell at the Italians."

Along with the money and the attention came inevitable burdens. "There is pressure on the Americans," says Bob Morse of Pallacanestro Emerson Varese. "If a player has an off game, right away the newspapers start asking, 'Is this the right American for our team?' There are four national sports dailies, and it's a real problem for them to fill up all that space. If you don't score 20 or 30 points fairly consistently, get your share of rebounds and provide leadership, they can be pretty rough on you. In the NBA, a player can specialize in one thing, like defense, and get away with it. Over here he wouldn't last very long if he didn't get his 20 points a game."

Green made the mistake of trying to ignore the star system, and he has paid for it. "It's so difficult to communicate," he says, "but I wanted them to understand

the kind of game I play, so I tried having my ideas on the kind of intelligent passing game I like to play translated from English to Italian. Before I knew it, the coach was telling me he considered me the equal of the Italian forwards on the team, which wasn't what I had in mind at all. I should have been cocky and demanding right off like Wilson was. They expect that from Americans."

Like a lot of American players spending their first season abroad, Green frequently finds himself frustrated by the language barrier and has had a hard time adjusting to certain Italian customs. "It took me a while to get used to all the guys on the team kissing each other after a good play," he says. "They don't do that in the NBA. To play over here you have to have patience, you have to have a sense of humor and you have to have an Allman Brothers tape

or something to remind you of home."

When Green was cast adrift by the NBA, he contacted Richard Kaner, a New York agent who specializes in placing Americans on European teams. There are several hundred U.S. players performing in foreign countries these days, and many players use someone like Kaner to make the initial overseas contact and negotiate their first foreign contract. After settling in, some of the players then handle their own international affairs, or get a foreign lawyer. The more enterprising Italian clubs send their coaches to the U.S. to recruit players. Harthorne Wingo, for one, was working to hold his spot on the bench of the New York Knicks when he was approached by a coach for Forst-Cantu at the Knicks' training camp in 1976. "That September New York put me on waivers," says Wingo. "I left for Italy the same day."

Harthorne Wingo used to do a lot of rubbermacking from the bench in Madison Square Garden, but



Wingo is in his fourth season in Italy, playing for Superga-Mestre at the A-1 level, after having spent a year with that club in the A-2 division. For two seasons before that he was our man in Cantù; then Wingo was "changed," or dropped by his team, a fate in Italian basketball tantamount to being told your career sleeps with the fishes. Under Italian rules, an American player must be signed to a contract by the start of the season; once the season is under way the player cannot be cut or traded. If, however, he is released during the off-season, he must either move down to an A-2 team or play in another country for a year. In Italy, Americans are changed about as casually as socks. "They say, 'We don't want you anymore,'" says Wingo. "You're a nice guy, but we're going to change Americans.' Then they tell you your plane ticket back to the States

is waiting at the airport. That's it."

Wingo never went any further in school than junior college and had to earn his spot in the NBA by making a name for himself on the playgrounds of New York and in the Eastern League. At the age of 30 he is grateful to be playing anywhere. "When I was cut by the Knicks," he says, "it was a relief to have this to fall back on. Over here you get a chance to play 40 minutes, so I was glad to have the opportunity." The transition to the Italian style of play—which is a bit more plodding than the American game, but otherwise not all that different—was not nearly as difficult to make as the adjustment to living in a strange country.

"At the end of my first year I went back to the States right away," says Wingo, "or subito, as the Italians say. My first year was difficult because I didn't have any friends and I didn't speak the

language. After practice I would go home and try to think of things to do. That was the year I got into reading."

Wingo speaks Italian now, enjoys the country, considers his assimilation into the culture a success and has brought his new wife Dianne, an American, to live in Mestre, a city near Venice. They spend most of the year in Mestre, but vacation near Los Angeles in the summer. The Italian fans seem to enjoy Wingo's aggressive style of play, and they love to shout his name—Weeeengof! But he has not forgotten the grim nights in Cantù, a city near Milan. "I was in a small, very religious town," he says. "You didn't go out with girls. I was very strong that year."

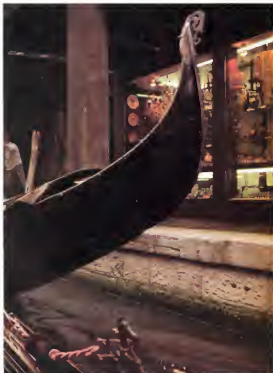
Those who survive the first year usually are eager to return to Italy. Willie Sojourner, a five-year ABA veteran who has spent the past four seasons in Rieta, not only speaks the language but also has a sister who recently became engaged to one of his Italian teammates. Certainly no player has ever adapted to Italy more successfully than Morse, the greatest American name in the history of the Italian game. If it is a name that doesn't happen to be familiar to you, you are not alone.

Morse, 28, was taken on the third round of the 1972 NBA draft by Buffalo, but when the Braves (now the San Diego Clippers) wouldn't match the \$32,000 an Italian club from Varese, a province of 600,000 in northern Italy, offered him, Morse decided to go abroad. Now in his eighth season in Varese, Morse is averaging about 28 points for a team that has been in the European Cup finals (the continent's equivalent of the NBA playoffs) the past seven years and won the title three times.

Morse, who grew up in Kennett Square, Pa., first left home to play for Penn. where from 1969 until 1972 the three varsity teams on which he started went 25-2, 28-1, 25-3 and won three Ivy League titles. He is 6' 8" and as good a jump shooter as anyone anywhere but a step slow for playing good defense in the NBA. "I have a feeling that if I'd played in the NBA," says Morse, "I would've been one of those players who was always getting shifted around, playing 10th man, being put on waivers a lot." Instead of all that, Morse has become something of a national treasure in Italy. And because basketball ranks a distant second in popularity to soccer in Italy, he has been able to maintain his privacy, a luxury not

continued

having been cut by New York, he and his wife, Dianne, now sight-see on the canals of Venice





Morse, carrying Jennifer, and wife, Jana, with Amanda, lead the good life at their villa in Ghirla

ITALIAN LEAGUE continued

shared by the game's stars in the U.S. "Maybe half the people in Varese would know me if they saw me on the street," Morse says. "But if they did recognize me they'd go on about their business. On the other hand, if a national soccer star walked down the street here he would be mobbed instantly."

Morse never expected to stay in Italy as long as he has; in fact, he tried to quit in 1975 to pursue a degree in veterinary medicine at Penn, but was lured back in the middle of his first semester when the sponsor of the Varese club offered him a five-year contract worth \$80,000 a year, not including fringe benefits. "Very few people come over with the idea of staying," Morse says. "The guys who end up living here for a number of years are the ones who try to fit in, who learn the language and try to be a part of the team. The Italians appreciate that. I came with the attitude that I wanted it to be a good experience, that I was going to try new foods and wines

and let the basketball take care of itself."

The basketball took care of itself, and the food almost took care of Morse. When he arrived in Varese, the team's owners told him he could take two meals a day free in one of the local *ristorantes*. Morse forthwith bellied up to the table. "The first month I was here I ate so much that I finally got sick, and I stayed sick for two days," he says.

These days Morse is taking his meals in a villa that sits on the side of a hill in Ghirla, a small town at the foot of the Alps just 15 minutes north of Varese. Morse bought the place two years ago, after having spent six years living in an apartment provided by his team, and if it is not the kind of villa around which *paparazzi* once lay in wait for the appearances of Liz and Dick, it is certainly a nice little two-story house with a terrific view of some Alps. There is no front yard, only a small, gated car park where Morse keeps his automobiles. There is no Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow or even a Ferrari;

Morse drives a Volvo and a Fiat because those are the kinds of cars that Italian teams provide for their foreign players.

If it is not exactly the life of Rigoletto, uh, Riley, Morse has no complaints. He is bringing up his two daughters without television; when they are old enough, they will sit at the dinner table with their mama and papa and actually talk. They will not bolt through their meal to see a rerun of *The Rookies*; they will discuss books and art and music and boys, and Morse says he will see to it that this is so. He has thrown himself so fully into the life of Ghirla that he has become fairly fluent in a dialect spoken only in the valley in which his village lies. Morse has embraced every opportunity to bring himself feet first into the Italian mainstream. Two years ago he enrolled at the University of Milan to resume his study of veterinary medicine. However, he soon realized that playing basketball took too much time and that he wouldn't be able to get in the long hours of study.

If Morse's life in Italy now seems terribly easy to the other Americans struggling to adjust, it wasn't always so. Six years ago, his wife, Jana, who already had completed three of four years toward a degree in veterinary medicine at Penn, became so frustrated by the language and the bureaucracy that she decided to go home. She took a job in Wilmington, Del., but Bob continued to stay in Italy and play. Within four months, however, she had returned to Italy to again pursue

Washington and Sheppard go up for a rebound



accreditation, which she did. "The practice in the States was good," Morse says, "but the separation didn't work out."

Morse went to Italy at a time when many of the Americans there had not played professionally in the U.S. In the past few years the balance has tipped the other way, and there is a colony of expatriates in Italy who generally hold one of two attitudes about the NBA: some feel they merely emigrated from the league, others feel they were deported. NBA box-score combiners will recognize the likes of Derrek Dickey, Jim McMillan, Jim Ard, Ron Behagen and Tom Barker.

For many of them it was a terrible fall, especially for the ones who felt they had been pushed. Mel Davis, another Knick refugee, has learned to like Italy and has even managed to accept the fact that, for reasons still a mystery to him, from one until four every afternoon Italy breaks for lunch. "Your arm could be falling off," says Davis, "and if it happened at one o'clock, you'd just have to wait for three hours to get it put back on." Sitting in a barely furnished apartment in Milan, Davis looks like a large ebony figure in an empty gallery. "I've worked since I was 12 years old to get where I am today," says Davis, his voice hollow and echoing slightly off the bare walls. "There's no way I'd go back to the NBA now. I'm not hostile, but I just feel my talent was insulted when I was with the Knickerbockers. I certainly didn't plan this, though. If someone had told me when I signed with New York that I'd wind up playing in Italy, I'd have said there was no way. I figured I would play as long as I could in the NBA and then get a job. But when it happened I was 26. I still thought I could play."

Davis always had mixed feelings about the NBA life, anyway. He is so terrified of flying that he took tranquilizers every time he got on a plane. Now he travels by train and bus to out-of-town games and says he's never been happier. "It was a big adjustment at first," he says. "When I got here last year I was alone for the first three months. I felt really isolated, and sometimes I'd go days without speaking at all. Most of the time it was just *ciao* and a smile."

Steve Sheppard doesn't smile much anymore, although his smile was his trademark when he was playing at the University of Maryland. He was put on waivers a few days after Christmas in

AND THE NOT SO DOLCE VITA

For many, perhaps most, of the American basketball players who go to Europe to prolong their careers, living the Continental life is appealing. But for some, Europe becomes a kind of bleak exile.

Bob Elmore, a 23-year-old forward out of Wichita State, was able to catch on with Lazio-Eldorado of Rome in the fall of 1977 after he had been cut by the New Jersey Nets. "He was kind of disappointed that he hadn't made the Nets," says Elmore's American teammate in Rome, Abdul Jeelani, who's now with the NBA Trail Blazers. When Elmore missed a day of practice about three weeks after his arrival, Jeelani and officials of the team went to Elmore's apartment, where they found him dead on the floor of an overdose of heroin. Elmore was not a regular user; the fatal needle mark investigators found in his arm was the only one. "He used to walk around in short-sleeve shirts over big muscles," says Jeelani. "I think he just wanted to get high for a while and forget where he was."

Fessor Leonard had been released by a team in Bologna in 1977 and was playing the 1977-78 season in Lugano, Switzerland. Leonard, a 7' 1", 235-pound black man who had been a star at Furman, was walking down a street in Lugano on Christmas Eve when he saw an elderly woman who seemed in need of assistance. According to various accounts, Fessor said that when he approached the woman, she apparently became so frightened

by Leonard's size and color that she either screamed or pushed him away, or both. Swiss police charge that Leonard had beaten the woman, and although that allegation was later dropped, Leonard spent Christmas Eve in a Swiss jail.

Leonard was virulently attacked in the local press. The criticism bothered him so much that he saved the unflattering stories, and one night in February 1978 he took what proved to be a fatal dose of tranquilizers and then set fire to the clippings and a collection of centerfolds of female nudes in his apartment.

Steve Mitchell, a 6' 10" center, who played his college ball at Kansas State, had been in Italy for five seasons, and though he seemed well adjusted to his new life, he was never able to make any close friends. Mitchell, 27, attended a dinner party on Dec. 4, 1978 during which he consumed a large amount of food and drink. Later, he tried to sleep it off. Mitchell was an asthmatic, so when his host heard the player's labored breathing the next morning, he thought nothing of it. When the man returned later he found Mitchell dead of suffocation from congestion.

The fact that all three of these players died alone and within a period of a single year made the circumstances seem more suspicious than they were. In fact, according to some American players, the killer was something insidious, not sinister—being alone in a far-away place where nobody knows your name or your game.

1978 to make room on the Chicago roster for Scott May, one of his best friends, who had just recovered from an injury. Then Sheppard was dropped by Detroit this fall after the Pistons acquired Bob McAdoo. Sheppard would rather live in Motown than Roma. He feels wronged by the Pistons, who cut him the day before training camp began.

"I just wanted to go to camp, that's all," Sheppard says. "I was hoping maybe I'd be seen by another ball club in a couple of those scrimmage games. I just needed a little more time to show them, just a little more time. I can play, I know I can. It just kills me when I have time to think about it."

"There are some players who seem like they get six or seven chances to play in the NBA, and there are some guys who just get one chance and they're out forever. If they would just let me

play in the games, I know I could show them. I can play. Don't judge me by what I do in practice, you don't always do good in practice. Just let me play 10 or 15 minutes a game, not the last two minutes when the game is out of reach. You can't do nothing in two minutes except mess up; that's what I used to call it—mess-up time."

Sheppard is determined that someday he will play pro basketball in the U.S. again, but the odds are not good. He can still remember every one of his good games—the number of rebounds he got one night in San Antonio, his assist total in Milwaukee. To Sheppard, his performances are still vivid, his ability impossible to ignore. Being forgotten is the one thing he fears above all else. "I'm going to be back in the NBA, I'll tell you that," he says. "I belong in one of those uniforms."

THE LAND OF THE ALSO-RANS

The U.S.A. has more skiers, more slopes, more leisure time and more money than just about any other country in the world, but Americans usually finish down the line in Olympic ski competition. Why? **by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON**

In Olympic years the paucity of U.S. medals in that most dangerous and dashing of winter sports—ski racing—invariably comes to public attention. Now once again it is being discussed, in terms of despair and frustration. Why can't Americans win? How can a country with the size, strength and smarts of the U.S.

of A. constantly finish somewhere behind all those goulash-fueled peasant kids from Middle European countries that don't have as many people as Pennsylvania? How come U.S. skiers even wind up behind racers from Liechtenstein, which has a population of 12,000?

If one listens to the critics, it

seems that U.S. Alpine ski racing is some kind of pitiful giant. It's as if all our myths have been turned inside out. As if Pecos Bill had been caught wearing a dress; or Paul Bunyan had become a habitual thumb-sucker; or Uncle Sam himself had grown so decrepit and dissatisfied that he was forever getting his

DRAWINGS BY MICHAEL RAMUS



beard tweaked and his coattails set afire.

And the question is why? The U.S. is a vast land of purple mountain majesties, a country with a Snow Belt that wraps around no fewer than 125 million people, a nation encompassing huge areas in which the climate and topography make skiing a lovely and compelling pastime. Americans are loaded with money and leisure time, and their marvelously nourished children can learn to ski on slopes that stretch from the Cascades of Washington State to Mount Katahdin in Maine, from Mammoth Mountain in California to Beech Mountain in North Car-

olina. Skiing's 14 million practitioners in the U.S. spend \$2.5 billion annually on their sport. Sure, many of those skiers are forever trapped in the snowplow turn, and millions more are well beyond the age or desire for 80-mph downhill runs, but hundreds of thousands of others are strapping young athletes of both sexes.

The U.S. has mountains and snow and first-rate facilities. It has technical expertise and lots of money—\$777,000 for the national Alpine team alone. America pays its skiers every bit as much (well, almost) as the Europeans do. And, of course, U.S. skiers have that good old will to win, that indomitable national trait that drives Americans to be the best at whatever they do. Of course U.S. skiers have that. Or do they?

Well, the answer to the question of

why the U.S. doesn't win more often at skiing is complex and intricate, with as many interpretations as there are people trying to answer it. But it may all boil down to a matter of character—the American character.

European coaches and critics are a bit skittish about addressing this point. Rolf Hefli, head coach of the Swiss ski team, says tentatively, "It's not that Americans don't have, ah, guts. Maybe they need a champion, one who can inspire. They seem to lack inspiration." Alois Bumberger, coach of the Austrian women's team, says, "In the U.S. perhaps the problem is that they lack the pressure to perform at their best. We always have to win, because we ski for Austria and there is great pressure from manufacturers and from the government. If a coach doesn't produce winners, he loses his job, which means that he puts pressure on his skiers to win. In the U.S. this does not seem to be the case."

The veteran downhiller Andy Mill, one of the most articulate of the American skiers currently competing, says, "It is a matter of survival of the fittest, and in Europe ski racing is survival to lots of people. It means a job if you win. This isn't true in the U.S. Survival of the fittest pushes the quality of ski racing in Europe to a higher level than we seem to reach for in the States." Billy Kidd, winner of one of the only two Olympic medals earned by a male American racer and now a public-relations man for the ski area at Steamboat Springs, agrees. "It's a matter of incentive," he says. "American kids have no really compelling reason to win as the Europeans do. An Austrian mountain peasant kid has no hope of changing his life-style except by ski racing. He has the incentive to push himself until he's doing 90 mph on the downhill, to push himself until his life is in danger and he gets that extra one-hundredth of a second that wins the race for him. An Austrian skier probably has the incentive to risk his life. Most Americans probably don't."

John Fry of *Ski* magazine wrote recently: "We seem to lack a winning attitude. Psychologically, we've developed a team that is well adjusted to losing. There aren't any tears, no tantrums by the coaches. No one gets kicked around. We're very graceful about it." *continued*



If one listens to some of the critics, it seems that U.S. Alpine ski racing is some kind of polite game.



The Austrians had a track laid out, and at least 15 experts were testing every wax combination.

Well, over the years American skiers have had many opportunities to learn to be graceful in defeat. Let's pause and examine the record. Despite the general feeling that U.S. ski teams always have been abject losers, the fact is things could have been worse. Indeed, the women's results in the Olympic Games over the years could have been much worse. The first Winter Olympics were held in 1924, but no Alpine events were included until the Games of 1936, in Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the Bavarian Alps. There were no awards for the top three in individual events; a single set of medals was given for combined results in the downhill and slalom races. No Americans placed well. But in the next Olympics, in 1948 at St. Moritz, Gretchen Fraser, 29 years old and from Vancouver, Wash., stunned everyone by winning the gold medal in the slalom and the silver in the combined (for which medals were given for the last time in '48). Since her triumph only two Olym-

pics (1956 and 1968) have gone by without an American woman winning at least one medal. These young ladies represent all that has stood between the U.S. and annihilation in Olympic ski racing. After Fraser, there was Andrea Mead Lawrence, who won gold medals in the slalom and the giant slalom at Oslo in 1952. In 1960, at Squaw Valley, Betsy Snite won the silver in the slalom, and Penny Pitou got two silvers—in the downhill and the giant slalom. In 1964, at Innsbruck, Jean Saubert tied for a silver in the giant slalom and won the bronze in the slalom. In 1972, at Sapporo, Barbara Ann Cochran got the gold in the slalom, while Susie Corrick won the bronze in the downhill. And in 1976, back at Innsbruck, the strong Minnesotan, Cindy Nelson, got a bronze in the downhill.

So American women have held their own in the Winter Games—indeed, their total of 12 medals in nine Olympics is exceeded only by Austria, with 20. German

women also have 12, and the French are fourth with 11. This isn't bad, though it doesn't exactly denote any kind of American reign in women's ski racing. Outside the Olympics, no American woman has won a world championship. And in recent non-Olympic years, only Kiki Cutter, Barbara Ann Cochran and Cindy Nelson have ranked among the top five women racers on the World Cup circuit, and none of those three has come close to being No. 1.

Still, compared to the record of American men, the women have been spectacular. In the nine Olympics since 1936—that would be a total of 25 races—U.S. men have won precisely two of the 75 medals awarded—Kidd's silver in the 1964 slalom and Jimmy Heuga's bronze in the same race. On the World Cup circuit, which has been operating annually since 1967, American men have won a grand total of 12 races—and four of the victories have been achieved by the best

continued

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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



American skier in years, Phil Mahre, 22, of White Pass, Wash., and one by the other half of the Mahres' twin-brother act, Steve. Until Phil came along in 1978 and finished second in the overall World Cup standings, no American man had ever been among the top five in the lists. In 1979, despite a shattered ankle that made him miss the last three races of the year, Phil still had enough points to finish third in the overall standings, while Steve, the next-best American, ranked 10th. The best the U.S. team has done in overall World Cup standings was a distant third-place finish in 1969, '70 and '78. The team's worst ranking was eighth in 1977.

Again: Why isn't the U.S. better at ski racing?

Let's put it in perspective with other sports. Believe it or not, U.S. athletes are not accustomed to excelling in every sport they choose to compete in. Quite the contrary. In world-class competition, Americans have performed poorly in soccer, volleyball, kayaking, competitive canoeing, luge, bobsledding, field hockey, table tennis, cross-country skiing and orienteering—to name only a few. What are the reasons for these shortcomings? Well, some experts say that there aren't enough American kids participating in these sports, that the U.S. has too small a reservoir from which to draw world-class athletes, that coaching is inadequate and that there is no incentive, no monetary reward on the horizon. Of course, several of these reasons are cited for America's skiing failures, too.

One might ask why it is not also this way with U.S. speed skating, which has been about as bereft of facilities, coaching, participants and public encouragement as, say, bullfighting. Yet American speed skaters have won more Winter Olympic medals than those of any other nation. One explanation is that speed skating is, like running, a relatively simple sport requiring a minimum of technique and/or technology and lends itself to mastery without a huge pool of talent or of coaching expertise. Maybe, maybe not. At any rate, no one has ever had to make excuses for U.S. speed skaters.

There are nothing but excuses for ski racing. One favorite is that the U.S. simply hasn't had the technological expertise of the Europeans. As *Ski's Fry* says, "It is hard to exaggerate the importance of the equipment." The Europeans have al-

ways been ahead of the U.S. in design development, and they have always been better waxes. Non-skiers might scoff at the idea that the design of something as simple as a ski can make the difference, but the fact is that ski racing is a sport almost as demanding of engineering perfection as auto racing. Jean-Claude Killy has said that his skis were the decisive element in his triple gold-medal triumph at Grenoble in 1968. And many people, including Killy, have wondered if the fine Austrian racer Karl Schranz might not have become the greatest skier of all time had he not been so inextricably bound to the Austrian-made Kneissl ski, which was considered inferior by many racers at the time. Part of the explanation for the overwhelming successes today of the nonpareil Swedish slalomist, Ingemar Stenmark, is the fact that the hitherto unrenowned makers of the Elan ski have somehow created a ski especially well-engineered for the giant slalom.

In a sport in which races are sometimes won or lost by one-hundredth of a second, skis can be the decisive factor. Americans, of course, have access to the same brands available to Europeans. Whether Americans get—or recognize—the best individual skis of those brands

may be questioned. And there is little doubt that European skaters get more expert help from their "racer chasers"—the factory reps who prepare the skis for each race. For example, last winter at the women's World Cup downhill at Lake Placid, America's Nelson finished a disappointing eighth because the racer chasers for her European competitors knew of a modification that could be made to ski bottoms for new wet snow. Nelson's man had failed to make that modification.

The lack of technological expertise in analyzing the snow and weather conditions that give a racer the best possible advantage has long been one of the routine excuses for why Americans don't win. Graham Anderson, a Seattle insurance man who is vice-president of the Alpine Committee of the FIS and has been an official on the American ski scene for 20 years, says, "Our coaching quality is better than it has been, but we're still not doing it like the Europeans. I remember during the 1978 world championship at Garmisch, it snowed a foot or more the night before the women's downhill. The course was a mess. Early in the morning the U.S. sent two or three coaches up on the mountain to check snow depth

continued

An Austrian mountain peasant led has no hope of changing his life-style except by ski racing.



and conditions and test waxes. I remember I felt such confidence, such a sense of well-being that here, at last, we were getting this kind of technical support for our kids. Then, on the way up the mountain, I saw how this sort of thing is really done. The Austrians had packed down a whole beginners' ski area which had a lift. They had a track laid out with electronic timing devices. They were testing every kind of wax combination they could think of. There were at least 15 guys there, each an expert, each doing his thing. And that was the degree of their support for their kids in a world championship."

The coaching of U.S. teams has gone through a series of convolutions over the years. The effervescent Bob Beattie (1964-69) was a professional enthusiast who led the world to believe his teams were on the brink of triumph when they were, in fact, mediocre. From 1970 to 1974 there was a revolving-door system of coaches. Then Hank Tauber, a young man with a managerial bent, took over and installed a smoother-running organization. But his teams, too, were less than impressive.

The new director of Alpine racing, Bill Marolt, who was the ski coach at the University of Colorado for 10 years, has begun an intense program meant to bring top coaching talent down to the level of children's skiing, where champions are made. "We're going to have a heavy emphasis on educating coaches so that they understand about equipment care, racer management and talent scouting," Marolt says. "We're going to begin scouting for kids like the pros do. We'll have a computer system, and we want to track not only race results, but physical characteristics. We're developing a sports medicine program like they have in Europe. That way we'll be able to spot promising kids early—when they're 10 or 11 years old. We'll test the body structure and psychological tendencies of these kids so that we'll be able, for example, to pick out a three-event skier or pinpoint a giant-slam specialist at an early age. The Austrians and the Swiss are set up to get their very best athletes into skiing. We want our best athletes to at least consider becoming skiers rather than football players."

Kidd says, "I think Americans have tended to do well internationally in sports that came naturally to them. Swimming

and running, for example. Skiing isn't something that comes naturally. You have to learn it. I didn't have much natural coordination. I was a poor athlete, but I was a good skier because I spent a lot of time analyzing what it took to do it well. I'd memorize racecourses and lie awake at night figuring out places where I could make up a hundredth of a second. I think there are people who do these things by reflex—on a relatively simple and undemanding level. But when you get to the World Cup or Olympic level of competition, you have to do it from learned responses."

Yet physical coordination is the foundation upon which top skiers are built. If they'd been raised in the States, Franz Klammer or 1979 World Cup winner Peter Müller of Switzerland or Killy or Schranz or any of the other great ski champions probably would have become quarterback or playmaking guards or shortstops.

Which brings us back to incentive: the drive to win simply hasn't been there. As Austrian-born Ernst Hager, who now coaches the American women's downhill team, puts it, "In the U.S. skiing is a strictly personal sport. In Europe skiing not only means money, but it also determines your social standing. If you are a ski racer, you have a position in life." John Bower, director of the U.S. Nordic ski program, says, "In Alpine skiing, there just isn't the national intensity that they have in European countries. It's a different form here in the States—a leisure form. This seems to discourage the kind of drive and intensity and economic support for skiing that you find over there. One of our big problems is that, even in the U.S. Snow Belt, the best athletes simply cannot afford Alpine skiing. But in Austria, you never find a talented athlete who misses the opportunity to become a good skier just because he can't afford it. The money will be there."

In the past, the argument was that too many U.S. racers were un-motivated to win because they came from middle-class families where there were too many comfortable options open, where ski racing was considered a nice little recreational pastime but nothing to be taken too seriously. "Parents not only didn't drive their kid to excel at ski racing," Fry says, "they were probably very ambivalent

about having a kid race at all. They probably would have preferred the child to go to college. Beyond that, in the kind of affluent home that could afford to produce a skier, it wasn't considered 'nice' to scold a kid for losing. Parents thought it might scar him."

But times appear to be changing—in Europe as well as here. Anderson says, "The cultural differences between the U.S. and Europe aren't so big anymore. If you're talking to a ski racer from West Germany these days, you're probably going to be talking to a kid who's educated, affluent—and probably even a hell of a lot more sophisticated than an American kid from White Pass, Washington, for example. So we can't hang our hat on the excuse of the Affluent American anymore. It's not that valid." And the Austrian women's coach, Alois Bumberger, says, "We no longer find the talents only among farm boys and farm girls who grow up skiing to school as it was in the old days. To the contrary, farmers don't want their kids to become ski racers anymore because today it costs too much money. Today there are more middle-class kids who are sent to special schools where they do a lot of ski racing. And they come from all regions, even from flat country."

So, just possibly, the worm may turn in the years to come. Austrians will be decrying their soft and losing skiers, and a new American ski-racing machine will be grinding out flocks of winners.

Ah, but in the long run this is still a sport of individuals in which a lone young man or young woman who has the talent and heart prevails despite all odds and handicaps. Who would have predicted that a Spaniard, Francisco Fernandez Ochoa, would win the gold medal in the 1972 Olympic slalom, and a Pole named Andre Biedka a World Cup slalom in 1972? Suddenly this year there are two budding champions from Yugoslavia and one from Bulgaria on the World Cup circuit. It is only a matter of time before an American or two or three will stand on the pinnacle of ski-racing success. Even though the myriad, complex explanations and excuses and arguments for why Americans haven't won consistently over the years are interesting and logically sound, perhaps the best one is entirely too simple and too thin: we have never been lucky enough to produce a few supreme individual talents.

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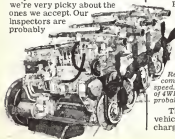
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People in Lafayette, La. are frustrated. In Andrew Toney, a 6'3" guard for the University of Southwestern Louisiana, they feel they have a genuine superstar, and they want the world to know about it. Toney has scored 2,253 points over his three-plus seasons at USL, one good reason why local fans feel he is the equal of any player in the nation and, perhaps more important to them, good enough to join Pistol Pete Maravich and Dwight (Bo) Lamar as Louisiana basketball legends.

Only one person in town takes exception: Toney himself. He doesn't care for the legend talk. "All I want is to have fun and play basketball," he says.

What fan could ask for more? Toney is merely averaging 29.5 points a game, and he has a chance to become the seventh leading scorer in NCAA history, surpassing such luminaries as Phil Ford, Jerry West, Lew Alcindor and Austin Carr. He has accomplished this while averaging only 18 shots a game, but because he is blessed with amazing quickness, he seldom shoots from beyond 15 feet and is adept at drawing shooting fouls for three-point plays. He will end his career as USL's second-highest all-time scorer, behind Lamar.

And he can back it in the classroom, too. A conscientious, goal-oriented person, Toney said when he first arrived at USL that he would like to graduate early. And he did, completing work on his degree in health and physical education in December, one semester ahead of schedule. The degree meant so much to him that he returned in the middle of a basketball trip to the West Coast to attend graduation ceremonies. In his absence the Ragin' Cajuns suffered one of their three losses of the season, a one-point decision to Portland State.

"I was sorry the team lost, but coming back for graduation meant so much to me after working so hard," says Toney, who is now taking graduate courses in administration and supervision. "My parents had come all the way from Birmingham and I had to be there. Accepting the degree in the mail wouldn't have been right."

Coming from Toney, that's quite a speech. He rarely talks about himself, never solicits recognition for his accomplishments. "I just do what I can to help the team," Toney says. "Things like publicity aren't what I strive for. I take pride in what I do, so I like to hold things inside. I share some things about basketball but not a lot."

What he shares tends to be wild understatement. "I guess I shot kind of well tonight," Toney allowed after a 46-point performance in a recent game against Auburn.

"Andrew's just that way," says a local sportscaster. "We've tried to get him on our show many times, but he insists we use guys from the bench, so they can be seen."

Although he would never shout it out loud, Toney is confident that his game is as good as those of many of the country's more highly acclaimed guards, like Louisville's Darrell Griffith or Iowa's Ronnie Lester. "You have to respect what other guys can do, so I don't like to compare myself with them," Toney says. "Every player has a different game, anyway. I'm not fancy, not spectacular, no passes through my legs, so it's hard to judge. But you go out on a court and the actions will speak for themselves."

Toney's actions scream at you. This past summer he led the U.S. team in scoring in both the World University Games and the Russian Spartakiade. He hopes to do equally well in the Moscow Olympics, but first he must make the team, and here politics intrude.

This is an area in which Toney's modesty could do him in. His school, USL, is in a section of the country hardly noted for basketball excellence on a national level; furthermore, it is often confused with other schools in the state. In addition to USL there is SLU, or Southeastern Louisiana University, which isn't to be confused with LSU (Louisiana State University) or Northeast Louisiana—or Northwestern State (La.), for that matter.

According to Toney's

continued

Recording the stress tests of fellow classmates has been a part of Toney's physiology studies.

A classy guy with ball and books

SW Louisiana's Andrew Toney, an All-America, already has earned his degree



coach, Bobby Paschal, USL should be set apart from the others by its "national schedule." "We're unique in that sense," Paschal says. "In recent years we've played five different Pac-10 schools and so on in the Big 10. People around the country recognized us as the basketball school in the state before LSU, and these same people recognize good players, no matter where they come from."

USL's drive for national prominence began in the early '70s, when the Ragin' Cajuns were led by the high-scoring and flamboyant Lamar, who accounted for 3,493 points during his career. In those years USL made three NCAA tournaments. The Cajuns also were placed on NCAA probation in 1973 for more than 100 recruiting violations.

That probation was still in effect when Toney chose USL over the University of Alabama. "Of course I was concerned with the things that were going on at the time," he says. "I looked into it deeply because I wanted to do what was right, but the school wasn't really in trouble. There was a year of probation left, but it was obvious things were coming around."

Especially after Toney's freshman season, when he averaged 21 points a game and led USL to the Southland Conference championship.

Inevitably, Toney has been compared with Lamar, who does radio commentary for USL games. But as Lamar has said, "I was a shooter; he's a scorer." A more accurate comparison would be with Calvin Natt of the New Jersey Nets, who came to the pros unheralded from Northeast Louisiana last year but who has averaged almost 20 points a game in his rookie season. Natt is considerably more imposing physically but plays the same kind of smart, clean, unfancy game.

"I'd like to play pro ball," says Toney. "That's something I've worked for. I don't think being unknown hurt Natt, and I don't think it will hurt my chances, either. It's the performance that counts."

Unknown isn't quite the word for Toney, according to the scouts who have seen him play. "He's a definite first-round pick, with everything you look for," says Dick McGuire of the Knicks. "He's quick and can shoot. But it doesn't take a genius to figure this kid out. You could go up into the stands and ask anyone to pick out the best player on the floor, and they would choose him."

At first sight, though, Toney is hardly overwhelming. Weighing only 178

pounds, he looks frail and spindly. His jump shot is not a thing of beauty. Toney rises from the ground stiffly, as if he were being pushed against his will, and holds the ball close to his head while the upper half of his body almost jackknifes toward the defender. The shot looks as if it should be easy to block, but more often than not it is a basket, with Toney then going to the free-throw line to complete a three-point play.

Auburn can attest to that. In the finals of the Boyce Classic last month, Toney made six three-point plays en route to matching his career high of 46 points in a game for the second time. Even so, Paschal had to call Toney over to the bench twice to tell him to shoot more. True to form, Toney shrugged at the suggestion.

After the game, Toney was Toney to a T. He had little time for the battery of newsmen who surrounded him, but a group of elderly citizens who came to see him play got more than their money's worth. Toney saw each one onto his bus.

THE WEEK

(Jan. 14-20)

by HERN WEISKOPF

EAST They haven't named a candy bar after him, but he hasn't been asked to run for the presidency, but Reggie Carter provided St. John's with some tasty treats and led the Redmen out of a possible depression. By popping in 15 of his 17 points in the second half against St. Joseph's (Pa.), Carter spearheaded a 72-55 victory. He was even better in vital Big East contests at Boston College and Georgetown. With Carter twice coming through with three-point plays, and Ron Blair stealing the ball with eight seconds left, St. John's got past the Eagles 66-63. Another three-point effort by Carter overcame the Hoyas 71-69. Carter pulled off that maneuver when he jumped, double-pumped in heavy traffic, swished a 10-footer with five seconds remaining, drew a foul and made the free throw. Carter had 21 points for the Redmen, who had fallen behind 11-0.

North Carolina and Duke also averted losses. After building a 44-33 lead over Georgia Tech, the Tar Heels played sluggishly. Tech scored eight straight points to narrow the gap. With six seconds left, Tech made it 54-53 on Lenny Horton's layup. When Carolina could not inbound the ball in the allotted five seconds, the Yellow Jackets got possession. Horton took the game's final shot, one that

rimmed the basket and slithered out. Against North Carolina State, the Tar Heels were down 29-13. Then, becoming more aggressive on defense and more accurate on offense, North Carolina went on a 14-0 scoring spree and won 67-64 despite 28 points by State's Hawkeye Whitney. Pulling North Carolina through were three players: James Worthy with 13 points, 10 rebounds and three assists; Mike O'Koren with 14 points and five assists; and Al Wood with 15 points.

Duke, too, clamped down on North Carolina State, holding the Wolfpack without a single point or offensive rebound for 11 minutes in the early going. With Gene Banks picking up 18 rebounds and 16 points and with a zone defense keeping State off balance, the Blue Devils were 67-56 winners. Wake Forest gave Duke a tougher time. The Blue Devils were down 66-60, but wound up on top 67-66 with the aid of two in-coach shots by Mike Gminski, who scored 27 points. Duke, though, might have lost had it not been for Forward Jim Suddath, who took over for injured Kenny Derrard. Suddath ruined the Demon Deacons' try for a last-ditch shot by stealing the ball in the last seven seconds, the 11th theft by the Blue Devils.

Maryland forced its way into the Atlantic Coast lead in midweek when Albert King netted 26 points and Greg Manning put in a shot with two seconds to go to topple Clemson 84-83. On Sunday at Chapel Hill the Tarps got 28 points from King and beat North Carolina 92-86.

Virginia was an 88-68 loser at Clemson, where Ralph Sampson played only 14 minutes before fouling out. John Campbell had 23 points and 18 rebounds for the Tigers, who broke the game open by scoring on nine of 10 trips downcourt early in the second half.

1. ST. JOHN'S (14-1)

2. SYRACUSE (14-1) 3. DUKE (14-2)

MIDEAST "It was pure Hollywood," Coach Digger Phelps of Notre Dame said after an improbable finish against Villanova. The Wildcats came from 18 points back in the last 12 minutes to go in from 69-68 with three seconds left, but the Irish pulled it out when Tracy Jackson's prayerball shot sailed 33 feet and into the net at the buzzer.

There was another Hollywood finish when Syracuse played at Old Dominion. Most of the contest was like a Class D Western. The Orangemen led 63-50. Then, over a five-minute stretch, the Monarchs used a full-court press, a tactic that helped produce 16 consecutive points for them and eight turnovers for Syracuse. Back came the Orangemen to take a 67-66 lead with 15 seconds left. Old Dominion brought the ball upcourt and shot. Miss. Another shot. Another miss. Finally, Bobby Vaughan tipped in the ball at the buzzer and the Monarchs rode off with a 68-67

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victory. Ronnie McAdoo had 21 points and Ronnie Valentine 20 for the Monarchs as Syracuse suffered its first loss.

DePaul was the only major undefeated team left. Sandwiched around a 93-79 rout of Maine in which Mark Aguirre had 31 points were two narrow victories for the Blue Demons. First, DePaul squeaked past Lamar. When the Blue Demons went into a delay offense with a 57-48 lead, the Cardinals forced eight turnovers and closed the margin to 59-54 with 62 seconds to go. Lamar's Mike Oliver sank a 22-foot bomb and scored a three-point play to forge a 59-59 tie. But Skip Dillard made DePaul a 61-59 victor when he sank a jumper with two seconds left. "We weren't playing basketball," DePaul Coach Ray Meyer complained. "Maybe it was Chinese checkers." On Sunday the Blue Demons played basketball and, with Aguirre netting 31 points, beat Louisiana State 78-73.

LSU earlier had taken two Southeastern Conference battles. Rudy Macklin poured in 26 points as the Tigers beat Auburn 93-82. LSU then handed Tennessee its first SEC loss, 75-74, as Macklin had 21 points and DeWayne scales 22. The Vols used a 15-0 spurt midway through the second half and a flurry of foul shots near the end to knock off Mississippi State 70-61.

Kentucky was 135 games without Tennessee after crunching Florida 76-63 and Vanderbilt 106-90. The Wildcats wiped out the Gators with a 16-0 outburst and won a foul-shooting war against the Commodores, converting 44 of 48 tries, while Vandy made 40 of 49. Mike Rhodes kept Vanderbilt going with 34 points, but the Wildcats got 18 points and eight assists from Kyle Macy and 16 points and eight rebounds from Sam Bowie.

Big Ten leader Ohio State continued to live dangerously. Minnesota led the Buckeyes 50-38, only to lose 75-70 in overtime as State put on one of its typical late rallies. Eight of the Buckeyes' 11 overtime points were scored by Herb Williams, who had a total of 26. Ohio State lost another overtime game, 75-74, to Michigan, when Mark Lozier's free throw bounced off the rim twice and fell through the hoop. Mike McGee with 23 points and Thad Garner with 19 paced the Wolverines.

1. DEPAUL (15-0)

2. OHIO STATE (12-2) 3. KENTUCKY (15-3)

MIDWEST

The week was a bumper for Coach Paul Hansen of Oklahoma State. Early on, Hansen learned that his starting center and one of his first-string forwards were academically ineligible and were dropping playing for the season. Then Hansen's dog was hit by a car and suffered a broken leg. On Wednesday the Cowboys played well, but ran into an Oklahoma squad that shot a school-record .656 to win 91-82. On Saturday, State was working toward an upset of Missouri, leading by four

points with 4:06 left. The Tigers, however, ended Hansen's miserable week by reeling off 11 straight points and winning 69-64.

Oklahoma and Missouri also took turns knocking off Iowa State. The Sooners sank 37 of 46 free throws and got 28 points from Terry Stotts while defeating the Cyclones 93-78. Missouri, which began the week with a .582 shooting percentage, the best in the country, missed nine of its first 12 shots against Iowa State. After the intermission, though, Steve Stipanovich tossed in 16 of his 18 points and the Tigers earned 17 of 24 shots en route to an 85-70 Missouri win.

Colorado, which was off to its best start (12-2) in 11 seasons, ran into snags. The Buffaloes, the Big Eight's only undefeated team (9-0) in pre-conference play at home, dropped two conference games on their home court. First they blew an eight-point second-half lead against Kansas State and fell 71-65. Then they lost two standout players with sprained ankles, squandered a seven-point advantage against Nebraska, went more than 14 minutes without a basket and lost 53-44.

An effective zone defense and 15-for-20 shooting in the second half earned Kansas State a 61-52 triumph at Kansas. That left the Wildcats in a four-way tie for first with Nebraska, Oklahoma and Missouri.

It was still a two-team scramble in the Southwest Conference as Texas A&M won twice on the road and Arkansas twice at home. After squelching Southern Methodist 63-56, the Aggies got 25 points from David Britton and rolled past Rice 84-65. Baylor hit on 10 shots in a row to go ahead of Arkansas 45-43. But a pair of three-point plays by Brad Friesz put the Hogs back in control and on the way to a 71-57 verdict. Scott Hastings, who scored 23 points in that game, had 21 more as Arkansas overcame Houston's spread offense and 46-31 lead. Keith Hilliard sealed the 60-57 win when he stole the ball and scored with seven seconds left.

With his team up by 13 points in the second half at Tulane, Louisville Coach Denny Crum ordered his players out of their normal fast-break style and into a stall. While the Cardinals slowed down, the Green Wave speeded up, pulling to 56-53 with 4:10 to go. So Crum junked the stall. Louisville, freewheeling once again, jammed in 10 straight points and breezed to a 76-59 decision. Darrell Griffith had 23 points for the Cardinals, the only unbeaten team in the Metro Conference.

Creighton moved to the top of the Missouri Valley by beating Indiana State 67-60 and New Mexico State 76-69. In a battle of two of the nation's most prolific scorers, Indiana State's Carl Nicks outscored Drake's Lewis Lloyd 36-25 as the Sycamores won 79-69. Lloyd then got 41 points as the Bulldogs outlasted Tulsa 103-92.

1. LOUISVILLE (13-2)

2. MISSOURI (14-2) 3. ARKANSAS (12-3)

WEST UCLA, which established all sorts of records in the '60s and '70s, continued to stumble in 1980. The Bruins, leading Arizona State 76-71 with 2:36 left, went into their four-corner delay game, flubbed up, went scoreless the rest of the way and lost 78-76. Seventeen turnovers were also part of UCLA's botchup. Notre Dame then extended the Bruins' losing streak to three games—their longest since 1961-62—with an 80-73 setback. That was also UCLA's second straight loss at Pauley Pavilion, where it had never had back-to-back defeats in 14 previous seasons. Fueling the Irish victory were Rich Brannigan, who flicked in 20 points, and Kelly Trampka, who grabbed 10 rebounds and scored all 17 of his points in the second half.

Southern Cal also fell apart at home. Kurt Nymphus pumped in 23 points and pulled down 17 missed shots as Arizona State dumped the Trojans 81-75. USC was then shocked 86-83 by Arizona, which had trailed by 17 points with 13:13 to go. Three freshmen who had just been promoted to the start-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

REGGIE CARTER: St. John's 6'3" senior guard sank 23 of 39 field-goal tries, scored 61 points, had 21 rebounds, 13 assists, four steals and was at his best when it counted most as the Redmen picked up three wins.

ing lineup—Leon Wood, Frank Smith and David Moser—combined for 45 points for the Wildcats.

The "Orange Express" is what Oregon State fans are calling their team, which hit 20 of 29 first-half shots—seven of them field goals off the fast break—while zapping to a 44-28 lead over Washington State. The Cougars, though, almost derailed the Express, 6'11" Stuart House scoring 18 of his 29 points in the last 20 minutes. But the Beavers hung on for a 65-63 triumph and then staved off a Washington comeback 89-84. Mark Radford had 21 points and Ray Blume 20 as Oregon State boosted its Pac 10 record to 7-0.

Like UCLA and USC, Brigham Young was jolted at home. Wyoming Coach Jim Brandenburg had his Cowboys run with the Cougars as the first half, at the end of which they trailed 41-39. In the second half, the Cowboys followed orders and held the ball for almost nine minutes. That slowdown hurt the Cougars, who sank only five of 18 floor shots, fell behind 50-49 and then had to begin fouling. Wyoming ballhandler Anthony Johnson converted six of eight foul shots in the last two minutes as the Cowboys came out on top 56-53. BYU came on strong in its next Western AC outing, drubbing Colorado State 104-82 behind Fred Roberts' 30 points.

1. OREGON STATE (17-1)

2. ARIZONA STATE (12-4) 3. BYU (13-4)

The stomping and whistling began with about five laps to go, when the voice over the loudspeaker called out, "1:56.5, unofficially, for 800 meters," and the field moved as if in unison down the backstretch at New York's Madison Square Garden. Craig Masback was in front with a two-yard lead, Ray Flynn chasing him, and Flynn's countryman, Eamonn Coghlan, bounding along in pursuit of both. It was just past the midway point of the 1,500-meter run in the Vitalis/U.S. Olympic Invitational last Saturday night, and the resourceful Coghlan was chasing to stay in touch. Masback usually comes from off the pace, but now the cum laude graduate of Princeton was experimenting, looking to find out what would happen if he set a fiery pace, trying something new.

Coghlan was after him and after Flynn, too, in a kind of experiment of his own: to see just how fast and far he could go so early in the season. The indoor mile record holder had arrived in New York from Dublin only two days before, during the height of the European cross-country season. He had not honed his speed, and was wondering if he could even make a mile in 4:04. Moreover, Coghlan was surprised at Masback's setting such a pace, until it dawned on him that Craig was trying to fry him in the fire of that pace. Coghlan stayed close, a yard or so behind Flynn.

With four laps to go, Coghlan was still moving fluidly, his action rhythmic and collected, while it appeared that the leader was wearying. Flynn moved up, parking right off Masback's outside shoulder, and now Coghlan edged closer, too, and waited until he sensed he should not wait a moment longer. Then, on the backstretch, he sprang, with 2½ laps to go, suddenly swinging out and bursting to the lead. Masback was through, but Flynn swept ahead with Coghlan, and they raced together as a team. Coghlan was sprinting and Flynn struggling to keep up with him as Coghlan opened three, four, five yards. Coghlan lengthened his lead off the final turn and hit the line in 3:39.9, only a tenth of a second off the meet record, the equivalent of a 3:57.5 mile.



Eamonn Coghlan's kick won a snail 1,500

Fast track to...where?

Performances at two big indoor meets were overshadowed by Olympic turmoil

Eamonn Coghlan's first indoor race of the season, as things would turn out, was almost as singular as it was stirring. There were two major indoor track meets in America last weekend, the Philadelphia Track Classic in the Spectrum on Friday night and the Olympic Invitational the following night, and no competition in either could match the 1,500—not for the drama it made, the intensity it created

or the suspense it sustained through most of its running. Which is not to say these meets were without drama, intensity or suspense. For it had been a week in which track and field athletes' aspirations suddenly were subject to forced re-evaluation. In more placid political times athletes arrive at indoor meets in January of an Olympic year short on conditioning but long on hope. In less troubled times most would be just beginning to gear themselves to peak for the try-outs, this year's being in Eugene, Ore. June 21-29. But at Philadelphia and New York, the question had been raised whether the United States would even go to the Summer Games in Moscow.

As a result, the athletes had far more on their minds than simply running and jumping, talents which at least come naturally. For the majority of them, foreign affairs do not. They were trying to deal with the very distinct possibility that the U.S., in retaliation against the Soviet Union for its invasion of Afghanistan, would boycott the Summer Games in Moscow. On Sunday President Carter would further force the issue by formally proposing such a boycott if the Soviets did not pull out of Afghanistan within a month (see page 7).

"I thought I was coming here for a big track meet," said Coghlan, slightly exasperated, before the invitational. "But nobody's talking about that. All this country is interested in is the Olympics." Certainly from the athletes' standpoint, Coghlan was not overstating the case. After all, it was they who had made the sacrifices in time and effort to become world-class competitors, and it is they who would suffer most sharply from a boycott.

On Friday, athletes in Philadelphia were speculating on the consequences of the first major defection of U.S. athletes. The Muhammad Ali Amateur Sports club, acting on the advice of the former heavyweight champion, had declared it would not take part in the Moscow Olympics should the political situation remain unchanged. What gave that statement substance was that it involved at least three world-class runners who had figured to be prominent at the Trials:

CONTINUED



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Sprinter Houston McTear, 400-meter star John Smith (if declared eligible by the IAAF) and Hurdler Greg Foster. "There shouldn't be politics in the Olympic Games," said Smith, a former "pro" who had been in athletic limbo for the past three years. "However, as long as we're running for America—John Smith, United States, places such-and-such," or "Borзов, U.S.S.R., places such-and-such"—as long as you've got the name of the country behind you, it's going to be political. I can be idealistic and talk about what should be. But we have to be realistic and talk about what is. And what is, is that the perfect political tool to hurt somebody culturally, politically, or economically is a boycott. And right now these are the things that America wants to do to get its point across. So that's how it is. I'm only a pawn."

Ironically, outside of Coghlan, two of the more impressive winners at the Garden were Foster, who won the hurdles in the absence of an injured Renaldo Nehemiah, and McTear, who barely held off the powerful NCAA indoor sprint champion, Curtis Dickey of Texas A&M, in the 55-meter finals in 6.17 seconds after ripping through a meet-record 6.16 clocking in a qualifying heat. "I know he [AI] did it for the right cause," Foster said. "I can say this: If the situation in Russia doesn't change, there simply won't be many athletes going over there. It's too risky. We in the club aren't really accepting a boycott, but who's to say

what happened in Iran won't happen in Russia? Hey, I'm all against the boycott... but I don't want to go to Russia, not the way things are now."

Having worked so hard, some for years and over thousands of miles of running, many athletes were visibly pained by the thought of losing this opportunity, perhaps their only opportunity, to participate in an Olympics. Willie Smith was an alternate on the victorious 4x100 relay team in Montreal in 1976—he did not get a chance to compete—and has waited almost four years to get another crack, this time at 400 meters. He understands, he says, to a point. "As much as people say politics and sports don't mix, in amateur sports they go together like peanut butter and jelly," said Smith. "Amateur athletes are goodwill ambassadors—we travel all over upholding the image of America—and when [the government] wants to withhold that goodwill, it keeps us home. It's natural. But the government won't help us get to where we want to go. Yet when we get there, they have the right to take it away."

For a pawn to understand his place is one thing. For him to accept it, in his heart, is yet another. But the overriding sentiment among the athletes was acceptance of a boycott. "If the United States is going to boycott, I'm with the United States in the boycott, no ifs, ands or buts," said Charles Foster, who finished fourth in the 110-meter hurdles at the Montreal Games.

Even before the President's Sunday announcement, a few athletes had grown impatient with the hedging. "I just wish someone would open his mouth and have teeth inside it," said High Jumper Dwight Stones. "I'm tired of being gummed to death. If we're going to boycott, let's do it; if not, then stop talking about it. We're looking for some leadership in this country. At the same time, as athletes, we would like a say in our destinies. We've been ignored so far."

On Friday night, though, athletes were making a collective effort to be heard with one voice, and its sentiment would be echoed on Sunday. Stones' attorney, Ron Stanka, suggested, and then drafted, with help from Dwight and middle-distance runner Francie Larrieu, a petition urging removal of the Games from Moscow to a friendly country. The petition said "it should be a prime objective of the free world" to deprive the Soviet Union of "their most effective public forum, sport." The petition had 30 signatures after it circulated at the two meets.

The intensity of the discussions about confrontation in the arena of international politics may have reduced the intensity of competition on the track over the weekend. Aside from McTear-Dickey and Coghlan-Flynn, a number of anticipated duels never materialized. And the McTear-Dickey confrontation, as it happened, was itself affected by the issue. McTear had said on Friday that he was not going to run in New York, but there he was the next night, the announcer informing the crowd that he had entered "to run for the people of Afghanistan." The result was a stirring final in which he held off NFL top-round draft prospect Dickey by .01, with last year's winner, Harvey Gance, .08 back.

But a head-to-head Stones-Franklin Jacobs confrontation in the high jump did not happen, with Jacobs missing at 7' 4½" once and 7' 6½" twice to finish fourth. Stones cleared 7' 4½", to win the event. Foster had the 55-meter hurdles to himself after Renaldo Nehemiah twisted an ankle while jogging on a golf course on Thursday. He showed up in New York on crutches, and promised to be back in early February.

"Missing this meet isn't that big a deal," Nehemiah said. "The whole indoor season isn't that important this year. What counts is Eugene."

If, in a month, there is still reason to have a Eugene.

McTear, running in support of a pro-boycott stance by the AAU Club, edged Dickey (right) and Gance.





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Stumbling to Lake Placid



Frannie remained upright most of the time

This was not supposed to be an adventure story. All of the big blades were expected to come out of last week's U.S. Figure Skating Championships in Atlanta pretty much as handicapped, and then those winners would move as a unit to the Winter Olympics next month. Hi, Linda. Hi, Charlie, and, howdy, Tai and Randy. Nice to see that you all made the traveling squad again and what'll we talk about now? But then some wonderfully goofy things began happening in Atlanta and suddenly this became what skaters will call a memorable meet. Memorable enough to show that we've got our work cut out for us at Lake Placid.

After all, who can forget the sight of the unflappable Linda Fratianne flat on her backside in a most unchampionship-like spill? That one was for all the folks

Linda crashed, Lisa-Marie tumbled, Tai and Randy made mistakes. Still, it all added up to a trip to the Olympics

at this end of the Omni's rink. She recovered to come scrambling back—"I was really mad," she said—and then did it again for the folks down at the other end of the ice. Kerplop on her orange-sherbet-colored panties. For those of you who keep score on such things, Linda hasn't taken two spills in a single competition since 1973, when she was 12 years old.

Frannie wasn't the only skater to suffer an attack of the stumbles and the oh-my-Gods. The condition was epidemic, as if the fact that this meet doubled as an Olympic Trial had grabbed everyone by the throat. The willowy Lisa-Marie Allen, the nation's No. 2 skater and No. 1 blonde, was unusually wobbly in spots, many of the men were unsteady—and even the world champion pair of Randy Gardner and Tai Babilonia lumped through what they called "careless mistakes" before they clinched the gold, their fifth national title in a row. All of this came in a competition that was supposed to be more of a coronation.

Which is not to say that the favorites didn't win as expected. Sure, they did. But the thing that left everybody a bit uneasy last week is that most of the winning was done with points instead of performance. It's all in those numbered cards the judges hold up.

For the benefit of those who don't slavishly follow the sport, an upset was possible in the nationals—but not likely. After all, is the U.S. supposed to knock off its established champions in an Olympic year, just when the stakes are highest and its prestige is on the line? Uh uh. The judges didn't exactly vote skaters up or down; the system is a lot more complicated than that. They just voted subjectively, as they always do, which means

that some of them may have been staring subjectively at the ceiling while the skating was going on.

Frannie went blooey in an exercise called the short program, which counts for only 20% of a skater's total score. She had already built a comfortable lead over the field in the compulsories, which count for 30%. In figure skating, you do solid work early so you can afford to stumble later. Because Linda is sensational most of the time—three-time national champion going into the meet and world titleholder in 1977 and 1979—her free-skating exercise for the final 50% of the points was almost a gimme. As things turned out, it was close, but she got it.

Try this absurd situation as an indication of just how close it was: when it was over, despite a spill in her freestyle program, the best woman free-skater in the U.S. was actually Coloradan Lisa-Marie Allen, 19, who outpointed Frannie in the last event, but was edged in overall total score, 150.74 to 148.92. Hoo-boy, second place again, folks, third lousy year in a row. But the 5'9" Allen remained stoic and aloof, a leggy beauty thrown in among the little kids. "People say that Linda and I don't get along," she said. Pause. "But, of course, we get along fine." Another pause to examine her burgundy-colored fingernails. "Do they want us to come skating out arm in arm?" The bronze medal and third spot on the Olympic team went to Sandy Lenz, 19, of Rockford, Ill., hereinafter known as Ol' Steady on the squad, since she went the distance on both blades.

But there was a special bonus for the 10,000 or so who were on the scene. Up popped little Elaine Zayak, former junior national and world champion, to do her free exercise and scare the senior women half to death in her initial run at them. Zayak is 14 and doll-like, a dervish from Paramus, N.J. who combs spangles into her blonde hair—"that's gonna be my trademark from now on," she says. While glittering in the light, she performed triples, doubles, twirls, spins and generally flew around the rink, touching down only occasionally to grin at everybody. All of this drove the crowd bananas, although

continued

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the judges managed to contain themselves, as they had all through the meet. The fact that Zayak didn't win all three medals stirred great outrage among the fans, but, still, fourth place and the Olympic alternate spot ain't bad for the first time out of the box. And, as a sort of sop—or possibly to escape a lynch mob—the U.S. Figure Skating Association ruled that Zayak will replace Lenz as our No. 3 woman at the world championship in Germany this March.

Well, maybe it was the setting. All of this tense stuff took place under the soaring roofs and skylights of the Omni complex, a hulking megastucture where people can live the rest of their lives without ever stepping outdoors. It created a weird effect: by the men's finals Saturday night, everybody—skaters, officials and spectators—had taken on a faintly luminous pallor. There was a sense of having just passed Judge Crater in the hall.

Looking as wan as any of them at 5' 10" and 140 pounds was Charlie Tickner of Denver, perhaps America's best-known skater. Tickner, 26, is a three-time U.S. champ and was the world champion in 1978, but he was scrambling his way back to the top at Atlanta after dropping to fourth in the 1979 worlds. As much as anybody, Tickner had the 1980 U.S. title locked, but with good reason. He had come out of the prelims with a solid lead, and he attacks the freestyle with an elegant fury. "Skating my five-minute program is like running a four-minute mile," he says.

Tickner ran them all off the ice Saturday night as promised, and the judges waved a row of six 5.9 cards at him, with only one 5.8, highest scoring of the entire competition. The silver medal went to 20-year-old David Santee of Park Ridge, Ill., and the bronze to Scott Hamilton, 21, a dynamo from Haverford, Pa. And off they all go to the Olympics.

Sure, it was something of a screwy meet, but don't lose heart, not for a minute. Puzzling scoring aside, which is where it should have been last week, the championships produced strong women's, men's and pairs' teams, whose only task now is to settle down. The secret, says Tickner, is that we take all our lumps in public and "event for event, the rest of the world is not as strong as we are."

Well, that's a relief. For a few days there, it seemed to be a case of how the mighty have fallen. And fallen. But now it seems they will rise to skate again. **END**

Is the All-American game going into sudden death?

From Pop Warner to the pros, organized football is in serious trouble. *Sports Illustrated* senior writer John Underwood exposes and explores the dramatic problems that jeopardize the sport's future (from the 100% injury rate of the NFL, the sanctioned violence and drugs, to

professionalization and questionable values exhibited on the college level and below) and offers a detailed, constructive proposal for reforming the game. "Sure to stir controversy... A powerful indictment of the grid-iron system from top to bottom."

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Mr. Moneybags cashes in again

Trainer Bud Delp says it's just preseason for Spectacular Bid, who won the San Fernando Stakes to run his earnings to \$1,774,917 and now is staring at some huge purses and a slice of history

The Saturday racing card at Santa Anita had been over for an hour, and 48-year-old Bill Shoemaker was standing in the Director's Room of the Turf Club with a drink in his hand, looking up at a television monitor showing tapes of the day's races.

Heavy flecks of gray now dominate Shoemaker's black hair but otherwise his appearance remains the same. He was dressed perfectly, with his dark slacks creased and his gray jacket looking as if it had come from the dry cleaner only moments before. "It seems that on days when I'm riding a good horse in a stake, other things fall in line for me," he said. "Adrenaline! Maybe it flows faster. I really don't know, I just seem to have days when everything seems to go right. Today was one of those days."

Shoemaker watched himself win the sixth race and then the seventh. "The seventh was one hell of a horse race," he said. "Three of us battled through the stretch, and I won it between horses. It was close, but I knew I had it by about a head." The television set flickered and Shoemaker looked up at it. "This race here," he said of the eighth, which he had won on Spectacular Bid, "is a lot of fun. This horse that I'm riding here can really run."

What is there left to say of Shoemaker? He rode brilliantly in the 1940s, '50s, '60s and '70s and could well have his best year ever in 1980, because he is riding the best horse extant. By winning the San Fernando Stakes last weekend, Bid affirmed what people have long thought: he is a money machine, a charcoal-gray wonder of ice and iron which, when right, can dominate his opposition and turn the most important races in the country into little more than canters through the park. Shoe is a money machine, too. The San Fernando was his 200th stakes win at Santa Anita. It also

was the 148th time Shoe had won a \$100,000 race, and he now has 7,777 victories, including 782 stakes.

Bid and Shoe went off in the 1½-mile San Fernando, the first 100-grand stakes of the California season, at the incredible odds of 1 to 98. They faced only three opponents, and at the head of the stretch the crowd of 43,799 was certain it was about to witness one of the biggest upsets of any racing year. Bid had virtually walked out of the starting gate and been taken back to last place down the backstretch before making up a 10-length deficit and reclaiming the lead on a tiring racetrack. Once he was in front, Spectacular Bid started to dawdle, and a very good horse named Flying Paster came surging at him on the outside. Flying Paster picked up five lengths, moving to Spectacular Bid's right flank, and appeared ready to whiz past Bid until Shoemaker gave his mount a couple of gentle lefthanded stings with the whip. Bid (1:48) drew away to win by 1½ lengths, with the last horse in the field—Tambo—nearly 50 lengths behind.

If Spectacular Bid gets any better than he has been in California this winter, a special wing will have to be built for him at racing's Hall of Fame. He has started twice, won twice and moved into fourth place on the alltime money list with earnings of \$1,774,917. His first two races, however, have been mere preludes to more important events ahead, which will be run for purses ranging from \$200,000 to \$400,000. Bid was bet so heavily last Saturday that in winning he caused an \$85,026.56 minus pool, because there wasn't enough money wagered on the other starters to cover the minimum \$2.10 payoff. Only once in history has there been a larger minus pool—in 1966 when a 2-year-old named Tumble Wind ran at Hollywood Park—but the most interesting fact about all this is that Flying

Paster, the winner of the Santa Anita and Hollywood Derbies in 1979, went off at 8 to 1 as the second choice.

Spectacular Bid has now won 19 of 23 races and only once in his career has he been passed in the stretch. Even on that occasion—Bid's loss to Coastal in the Belmont Stakes—he may have had a valid excuse in the much-discussed "safety pin incident," Bid having reportedly stepped on one the morning of the race. The big debate in racing now is not whether any horse can beat Bid but if anyone can truly warm him up.

This year and last, racing has been blessed by the fact that outstanding 3-year-olds remained around to run at age 4. Last year Affirmed proved himself to be one of the best horses of all time; this year Bid will probably do the same. But will that accomplishment be worth it? The other day at Santa Anita, Harry Meyerhoff, the owner of Spectacular Bid along with his wife, Teresa, and his son, Tommy, addressed the manifold economic considerations involved in running Bid as a 4-year-old. "For 1980 alone it costs more than \$1 million for injury and fertility insurance," said Meyerhoff. "And that money has already been paid. It also costs a lot to keep our stable up. Is it worth it? It is to us. I happen to love horse racing, and while I'm an owner, I'm basically still a fan. I want other people to get a chance to see Bid. Racing fans deserve the chance to see outstanding horses run. We've decided to run Bid, and he should have a good year. But I'm not going to make much money running him. Actually, I'll probably lose money."

Meyerhoff has an excellent sense of humor, and he showed it last Saturday at Santa Anita. Before the running of the San Fernando, the Meyerhoffs were having lunch at the track when Art Rooney, the 78-year-old owner of the Pittsburgh

continued

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Steelers, was brought around for introductions. Rooney owns horses himself (Shamrock Stable) and got the money to buy the Steelers when he won a big bet at Saratoga many years ago. "I like your horse very much," Rooney said to Meyerhoff, "and I'm glad you are running him as a 4-year-old. I hope you win today, but I don't want to bother you at lunch. The best of luck to you and Seattle Slew."

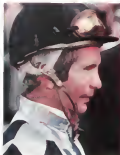
Meyerhoff wished Rooney and his Steelers the best in the Super Bowl, and the old football man walked off. A few minutes later Tim Rooney, Ari's son, approached Meyerhoff. "My dad is terribly embarrassed that he called your horse Seattle Slew," Tim said, "and he wants to apologize. He hopes you'll forgive him. If it wasn't the week of the Super Bowl, he'd never make a mistake like that."

Suddenly the pixie came out in Meyerhoff. "Please tell your father," he said, "that I hope he has the happiest day of his life tomorrow. And also that I'd love to have Seattle Slew, too."

Spectacular Bid is turning out to be a tremendous drawing card at Santa Anita. His first two races there brought out more than 90,000 people, and his next two starts should do even better—even though they'll also be very bad betting propositions. When Meyerhoff and trainer Bud Delp were told that their horse went off at 1 to 98, both seemed stunned. "One to 98," Meyerhoff said, "I didn't know there was such a figure. Things like that can make you nervous."

By winning the San Fernando and surpassing Round Table on the alltime money-winning list, Spectacular Bid moved into fourth, behind Affirmed, Kelso and Forego. Bid now needs \$618,991 to catch No. 1 Affirmed, and Delp has no doubts about his plans. "Our intention is to establish a new earnings record," he says. "We figured the way to accomplish that was to start the year in California because the purses are excellent." Indeed they are. Even without competing on the grass, Bid could still run in races that have purses totaling \$1,675,000, and that's only through the \$400,000 Hollywood Gold Cup in June.

"Spectacular Bid will run 11 or 12 times this year," Delp says. "The Strub is next, then the Santa Anita Handicap and at least two races at Hollywood Park, probably one in Chicago, maybe one at Delaware Park and the Marlboro Cup, Woodward and Jockey Club Gold Cup



Under Show's left-handed whipping, Bid (right) pulls away from Flying Pastor in the stretch for Shoemaker's 200th stakes win at Santa Anita

missed the world record for the distance by only $\frac{1}{8}$ second.

Delp is a much more subdued man than he was a year ago when he was leading the world in outrageous quotes and polyester clothing. "I love California," he says. "I've got a house about 10 minutes from Santa Anita, and it has a heated pool, a fireplace and a Jacuzzi. Hell, even Bid seems laid back. He's put on about 100 pounds since last year, and he knows who he is: Big Daddy. Now he's won his first two races out here, and they were just like preseason football games. They were nice to win, but the big things are ahead. I want to win 50 races with all my horses between Santa Anita and Hollywood Park, and that's pretty hard to do. [Last year only three trainers accomplished it.] I've been claiming a lot of horses [\$155,000 worth] to build up a stable out here. And well if I don't win those 50 races, I'm not going to roll over and die. I know that Bid will win his races. He won the San Fernando so easily that I could run him back in four days. Spectacular Bid does the talking for me now."

Well, some of the time.

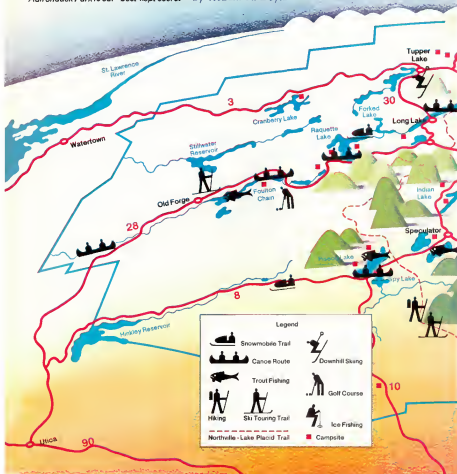
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at Belmont in the fall. Should all go according to schedule, Bid's last race will be in the Meadowlands Cup in New Jersey in the fall."

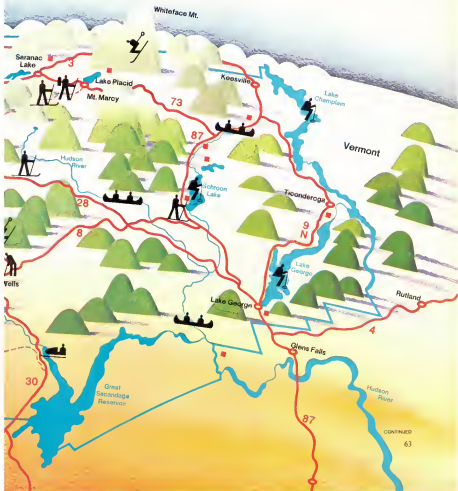
By that time he should have broken the money record by a wide margin. Affirmed started nine times in his 4-year-old campaign, and the only two defeats he suffered came in the Malibu and San Fernando. Spectacular Bid's Malibu on Jan. 5 was a smashing race, in which he won just as he pleased in track-record time of 1:20 for seven furlongs, and he

"No Landscape More

Though Twain and T.R. knew it, and Lake Placid lies within it, Adirondack Park is our "best-kept secret" by **ROBERT H. BOYLE**



BRIGHTLY GEMMED"



Adirondack Park

continued

that reach to 1,400 feet; gorges that sink as deep as 2,000 feet and shelter almost sunless rain forests; a waterfall with the odd name of O.K. Slip that is higher than Niagara; 2,300 lakes and ponds and 31,000 miles of rivers, brooks and streams, among them the Ausable, one of the best trout streams in the East. Despite the stocking of hatchery fish over the years, a couple of Adirondack lakes still contain genetically undisturbed strains of brook trout and lake trout. Within the park there are deer, black bear, fishers, mink, otter, beaver and coyotes. On occasion there are reports of mountain lions.

New York State owns 2.3 million acres of the park outright, and this land is

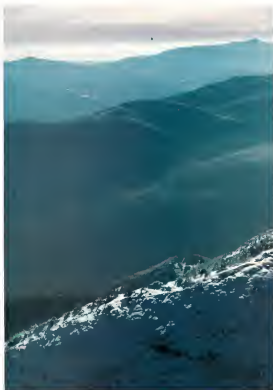
locked up as much as any wilderness can be as a Forest Preserve. As the result of public protest against devastating logging practices in the 19th century, a unique clause in the state constitution decrees that this tract "shall be forever kept as wild forest lands." Except for the maintenance of trails and campsites, no trees can be sold, removed or destroyed without constitutional amendment, and that would require passage by two successive legislatures and statewide approval by the voters. This protection has been in force since 1895, and in all that time no constitutional convention or session of the legislature has adopted any amendment to repeal the Forever Wild clause.

Approximately 100,000 acres of the

On a clear winter day, Ray Falconer, the scientist in charge of the Atmospheric Sciences Research Center field station atop Whiteface Mountain in the Adirondacks of northern New York, can see Mount Washington, 130 miles to the east in New Hampshire, and Montreal and the St. Lawrence River, 80 miles to the north. Directly below to the southwest, a mere six miles away, he can easily see the village of Lake Placid, the site of the 1980 Winter Olympics. But what Falconer sees most of all around him are the snowy summits of other Adirondack peaks rising above spruce and fir forests like whitecaps in a roiled sea.

Seen in perspective, Lake Placid is merely a small village of 3,000 set in the midst of the Adirondack Park, an enormous wilderness and playground that, for all the Olympic hoopla, has been called the best-kept secret in the U.S. Even many of those aware of the park are not quite certain how it is administered. Comprising six million acres—almost 10,000 square miles—the Adirondack State Park is the biggest park in the country. It is almost three times as large as Yellowstone; it is, in fact, bigger than the state of Massachusetts, which is visible from the top of Whiteface.

The park contains 42 mountains higher than 4,000 feet, 11 of them with Alpine summits harboring plants not otherwise found south of Labrador; sheer cliffs



Beyond the observatory on Whiteface, scores of snowy peaks rise above vast spruce and fir forests

state land have never been cut at all, and this primeval forest imparts to the visitor a sense of timelessness that is extraordinarily rare in this age of future shock. As William Chapman White wrote in *Adirondack Country*, published in 1967, "As a man tramps the woods to the lake he knows he will find pines and firs, blue heron and golden shiners, shadows on the rocks and the glint of light on the wavelets, just as they were in the summer of 1354, as they will be in 2054 and beyond. He can stand on a rock by the shore and be in a past he could not have known, in a future he will never see. He can be part of time that was and time yet to come."

The remaining 3.7 million acres with-

in the Adirondack Park boundary, popularly known as the Blue Line, are privately owned. These private lands are given over to estates, villages, resorts, lumber camps, factories, mines and farms. The private and Forever Wild lands occasionally intermingle like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, but the use of any private property must conform to the Adirondack Park Land Use and Development Plan adopted into law in 1973 and administered by the independent, bipartisan Adirondack Park Agency. Indeed, the Adirondack Park is the largest area in the U.S. under one comprehensive land-use plan.

Starting in the 19th century, the park has attracted outdoors enthusiasts. In

1815 Joseph Bonaparte, the exiled king of Naples and Spain, bought 100,000 acres and built a hunting lodge near Dix, where, it was said, he hoped to settle his brother if he could escape from St. Helena. James Russell Lowell, Louis Agassiz and Ralph Waldo Emerson roughed it at Philosopher's Camp near Follansbee Pond. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow refused to go along when he learned that Emerson was taking a gun. "Then someone might get shot!" the poet exclaimed. John Brown, the abolitionist, had a farm in the Adirondacks, and his body lies amoldering in a grave just off Route 73, two miles east of Lake Placid. Theodore Roosevelt was only 18 when he wrote his first book, *The Summer Birds of the Adirondacks*. He counted 97 species; 165 are known to be there today. When he was Vice-President, Roosevelt was picnicking near the summit of Mount Marcy, which at 5,344 feet is the highest peak in the Adirondacks, when he learned that President William McKinley had taken a turn for the worse after having been shot by an assassin in Buffalo.

Thomas Cole and other artists in the Hudson River School sought out the mountains; Frederick Church painted *Twilight in the Wilderness*, one of his finest oils, in the Adirondacks, while Winslow Homer's Adirondack watercolors had a freedom and brilliance never seen before in this country. Mark Twain had a camp at Lower Saranac; Robert Louis Stevenson sought the clean air at Saranac for treatment of his tuberculosis; Theodore Dreiser based *An American Tragedy* on the case of Chester Gillette, who dumped the body of his girl friend in Big Moose Lake. William James refreshed himself in Keene Valley. Carl Jung and Sigmund Freud once spent three days at James' old camp, and although Freud was charmed by the wilds he wrote his daughter that he was glad it rained the last day because "my horns and hoofs" were not up to the steep mountain slopes. Melvil Dewey of Dewey Decimal System fame, a founder of the American Library Association and the *Library Journal* and a man prominently involved in the American Metric Bureau and the Spelling Reform Association, started the Lake Placid Club, where the International Olympic Com-

continued



Adirondack Park

continued

minette will stay for the Winter Games. Dewey introduced skiing to the Adirondacks, and his son, Godfrey, a winter-sports enthusiast, was a driving force behind getting the 1932 Winter Games for Lake Placid.

That such a vast area as the Adirondack Park could still exist within a day's drive for 55 million people is largely the result of the rugged nature of the Adirondacks themselves. Geologically, the Adirondacks go back more than one billion years. They are not part of the Appalachians but are a southward extension of the ancient Canadian Shield, which includes the Laurentians. At one time the ancestral range towered as high as the Himalayas, but erosion, subsidence and glaciation have worn the High Peaks of the northern Adirondacks down to their tough roots of anorthosite, a very durable rock, the nether parts of which extend six miles deep into the earth. No water can penetrate the anorthosite, and a heavy rainstorm will send tons of water roaring down the slopes, tearing away the thin cover of earth and forest. The scars give the High Peaks an awesomely primitive appearance: Whiteface takes its name from a slide that left an enormous glare of bare rock down the east face of the mountain.

Because of the geology of the Adirondacks and the fact that the mountains were scoured by glaciers as recently as 9,000 years ago, the soils, derived largely from the underlying rock, lack many basic nutrients. The Indians of pre-European days tended to avoid the mountains, preferring to fish, hunt and forage in the rich bottomlands along the Mohawk and St. Lawrence rivers. The very name Adirondack is an old Iroquois slur upon the enemy Algonquins. It means "bark eaters," and the Iroquois applied the term to the Algonquins who sometimes came down from Canada to hunt in the mountains that the Iroquois dismissed as barren.

The first European to see the Adirondacks was Samuel de

Champlain, who in 1609, with a band of Algonquins, explored the lake that now bears his name. His brief visit was important because it eventually led to Canada's becoming British rather than French territory. Encountering 200 Iroquois, Champlain shot two of them, including the chief, thereby implanting a hatred of the French that prompted the Iroquois to ally themselves with England.

Forbidding to settlers, the Adirondacks—or the Greater Wilderness, as the area was known—remained largely unexplored until the late 19th century. The Adirondack historian Alfred Donaldson wrote in 1921 that Stanley had found Livingstone and made the world familiar with the depths of Africa before most New Yorkers knew anything definite about the wilderness in their own backyard. In fact, the highest source of the Hudson River, Lake Tear of the Clouds on the southwest shoulder of Mount Marcy, was not discovered until 1872, 10 years after the discovery of the source of

the Nile, and as recently as 1960 Paul Schaefer of Schenectady found a deep glacial lake in the east central Adirondacks that was unknown to county and state officials and unmarked on U.S. Geological Survey topographical maps.

Well into the 19th century the Adirondacks continued to be called the Greater Wilderness. A smaller region, the Tug Hill Plateau to the west, was known as the Lesser Wilderness. The plateau, which rises to 2,000 feet, is directly in line with west-east storms coming off the Great Lakes and it draws much of the precipitation that would otherwise fall on the Adirondacks. The plateau gets 18 to 20 feet of snow in winter, the heaviest east of the Rockies, while the Adirondacks average 10 feet.

Before the Revolution, the colonial government sold off some tracts in the Adirondacks, and the state, which fell heir to the crown lands at the end of the war, did the same. But for the most part the tracts were bought by speculators

and remained unsettled. John Brown of Providence (no kin to the abolitionist), a wealthy merchant for whose family Brown University was named, bought 200,000 acres in 1794. Although Brown divided the tract into eight townships, which he named Industry, Enterprise, Perseverance, Unanimity, Frugality, Sobriety, Economy and Regularity for the acquisitive virtues he esteemed, he failed to attract settlers because, as noted in a letter from Brown's son-in-law, the "region was so barren a crowd would shed tears of sorrow while flying over it."

Still the Adirondacks proved vulnerable to exploitation by trappers, hunters and loggers. The beaver was highly prized by the Dutch settlers, who took great numbers to satisfy the European demand for skins. The animal was so esteemed that it was incorporated into the seal of New York City. By 1820 trapping pressure had nearly wiped out the beaver population; only 1,000 or so were left in the mountains. When trapping was finally prohibited in



Tubercular Stevenson sought pure mountain air.

continued

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1897, perhaps only a dozen survived. Thanks to the efforts of an Adirondack enthusiast named Harry Radford, 34 beavers were imported in the early 1900s, some from as far away as Montana, to augment the native stock. The beavers have flourished to such an extent that they have spread as far south as Westchester County, just north of New York City.

Hunters did in the moose by 1861, and wolves disappeared a few years later. Contrary to popular belief, moose were never abundant in the Adirondacks, and it would be difficult to reestablish the species today. When lumbermen began logging they opened up the forests to white-tailed deer, which thrived on the new plant growth. The deer carry a brain-worm parasite to which they are immune, but which is fatal to the moose.

Lumbering had by far the biggest effect on the Adirondacks. In 1813 two brothers, Alanson and Norman Fox, began cutting on the banks of the Schroon River and originated the practice of driving single logs down the Schroon and into the Hudson, and thence to mills at Glens Falls. This revolutionary method of sending logs downstream was so successful that other lumbermen began branding their own logs with distinctive designs, and the state legislature declared a number of Adirondack streams and rivers to be official public highways for logs. Glens Falls literally became a boomtown when a chain, or boom, was set across the Hudson to contain the logs coming from the Adirondacks.

By 1850 New York was the leading lumber state. At first the lumbermen cut only the biggest pines, hemlocks and spruce for building materials, and spared the ash, maple, birch and other hardwoods because they didn't float well. In the 1860s a new method of making pulp with chemicals made the smaller softwoods worth cutting, and the introduction of railroads made the cutting of hardwoods feasible. Although the railroads served as a boon to the tourist trade that burgeoned in the late 19th century, the locomotives threw off sparks which often ignited the logging slash, and every year thousands of acres went up in smoke. As early as the 1870s the rapacious pace of logging, often on state lands, caused public uproar

continued



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Adirondack Park

continued

Incredible as it may seem, the tourist boom came to the Adirondacks because of one book, *Adventures in the Wilderness*, written by the Reverend William Murray, a young Congregational minister in Boston. Although a dozen other books had been devoted to the Adirondacks, none had the impact of Murray's, which appeared in April of 1869. It literally inspired a stampede of tourists to the mountains that summer.

An article in *Harper's* described the crowd boarding a Lake Champlain steamer bound for the mountains: "Immediately a small boy came up and proffered 'Murray'; other small boys were observed to waylay the procession below and tender copies of 'Murray.' The procession was continuous. It was a moving phantasm of sea-side hats, waterproofs, blanket-shawls, fish-poles, old felts, mackintoshes, reticules, trout-rods, fish-baskets, carpetbags, guns, valises, rubber boots, umbrellas, lap-rugs, hunting-dogs, guide-books and maps. There were old women, misses, youngsters, spinsters, invalids, students, sports, artists, and jolly good fellows. Behind followed innumerable vans, crates, and barrows of miscellaneous luggage."

Unfortunately, Murray had laid it on a bit thick. "In the Adirondack wilderness the lumberman has never been," he wrote, and he boasted of landing a pair of huge trout with one cast of his rod. It may well have been that when Murray first came upon the Adirondacks, large trout were not unusual, but such fish were the result of 10,000 undisturbed years, and they proved easy prey to flies, spoons and worms. Murray was branded as a liar, and the tourists who read his book became "Murray's fools."

There was still another problem—blackflies, which spend their larval and pupal phases in swift streams. They are the pests of the Adirondacks, which have no poisonous plants or snakes. Blackflies bite freely and leave large welts that can be painful for several days. By comparison, mosquitoes are a pleasure. Blackflies, which are at their peak in June, don't hum or buzz; they put all their energy into the sting. In other regions of North America, blackflies are reported to have bitten sheep, cattle and horses to death. For generations they have cast a grim shadow over the glories of the Adirondacks, and it is estimated that the potential economy of the park is reduced 40% to 50% each June by the nuisance they pose.

Despite the flies, the lumbermen and Murray's exaggerations, the tourists came. Between publication of Murray's book in 1869 and the year 1875, the number of hotels quadrupled from 50 to 200. The rich flocked to the mountains in that gilded age, seeking surcease from the pressures of Wall Street in opulent log cabins with stone fireplaces and mounted deer heads and within earshot of the call of the loon. J. P. Morgan, William Rockefeller, Alfred Vanderbilt and William Whitney all established sumptuous "camps." William West Durant, a railroad tycoon, developed a dwelling that combined the rough materials of the log cabin of the region with the graceful lines of a Swiss chalet, which set the style for the rich. Once he had his builders construct a chalet copied from a Swiss music box, and he thought nothing of inviting friends to come 300 miles north from New York by rail, and then 40 miles by sleigh for the novelty of celebrating Christmas in the wild.

By 1892, the state estimated, a fourth of the Adirondacks was held as preserves by individual owners and clubs. Some of them released a host of exotic animals, including wild bear and elk. The elk hung on the longest, but they were probably done in by the brain-worm parasite carried by the white-tailed deer.

Although the affluent often angered locals with their high-handed ways and no trespass signs, there is no doubt that they and some of their offspring came to love the wilderness and sought to protect it in the Adirondacks and elsewhere across the country. Examples abound. Harold K. Hochschild, now 87, the former chairman of the board of the American Metal Company, founded the superb Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain and served as chairman of the Temporary Study Commission which recommended the creation of the Adirondack Park Agency. Then there is the Marshall family. Born in 1856, the son of German Jewish immigrants, Louis Marshall completed Columbia Law School in one year

and went on to become a noted attorney and philanthropist who espoused a wide number of causes ranging from Zionism to conservation. He began visiting the Adirondacks in his 20s and later was instrumental in having the Forever Wild clause inserted in the state constitution. His son, Robert, who died in 1939, became a forester, explorer and writer. Inspired by the Adirondacks, Robert, one of the founders of the Wilderness Society, set in motion the national policy for wilderness preservation. Robert's brother, George, is the only person ever to serve as president of both the Wilderness Society and the Sierra Club, while brother James, an attorney who is also an Adirondack advocate, is a founding trustee of the Natural Resources Defense Council, one of the leading public-interest groups in the nation. "The enemies of wilderness, the forest industries, the miners, the grazers and others, call us elitists," James Marshall wrote recently. "Personally, I do not regard this as a bad name. Throughout history elitists have taken the lead."

No one in Adirondack history was more of an enthusiast for these mountains than Verplanck Colvin of Albany. He began mapping them when he was only 18, and when he was 25, the state legislature appointed him superintendent of the Adirondack Survey. Starting in 1872, Colvin clambered up and down the mountains for 28 years, only leaving to return to his cluttered office to write his reports. In his first year, his discovery and description of the highest source of the Hudson as "a minute, unpretending tear of the clouds" gave the two-acre pond its poetic name. In his passion to map the mountains, Colvin did without food ("Superfluous we made a bivouac under a sheltering ledge") and endured discomfort ("The snow entered our clothing despite all care, and it was impossible to prevent frequent falls over hidden rocks and tree trunks"), all the while driving himself and his guides ever onward, upward and downward.

Colvin was among the first to urge that the state establish an Adirondack preserve, but in his later years he wandered the streets of Albany babbling to himself and talked of building a railroad through the mountains he had sought to save. He died in 1920, a forgotten figure, on his

continued



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Adirondack Park

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deathbed he autographed his paddle, which he said he had dipped into some 250 unexplored lakes in one year.

Today Colvin's writings are best remembered for a description he wrote of the Adirondacks in 1878: "Elsewhere are mountains more stupendous, more icy and more drear, but none look down upon a grander landscape in rich autumn time; more brightly gemmed or jeweled with innumerable lakes, or crystal pools, or wild with savage chasms, or dread passes, none show a denser or more vast appearance of primeval forest stretched over range on range to the far horizon, where the sea of mountains fades away into a dim, vaporous uncertainty.

"A region of mystery, over which none can gaze without a strange thrill of interest and of wonder at what might be hidden in that vast area of forest covering all things with its deep repose. It is not the deer of which we think, treading the deep rich moss among the stately tamaracs; nor the bear, luxuriating in the berry patches on the mountainside; nor the panther or the wolf in their lonely and desolate wilds, seeking their feast of blood: we gaze downward from the mountain height on thousands upon thousands of square miles of wilderness, which was always one—since forest it became—and which hides today as it has hidden for so many ages, the secrets of form, and soil, and rock, and history, on which we ponder. Huge are these almost undecipherable pages of the world's annals; enormous and difficult to read; yet there are marks and traces here and there which tell in a brief, irregular and fragmentary way—to those able to decipher such inscriptions—the prehistoric growth of continents; the origin of rivers; the spread of vegetable and animal life, and the approach of man."

Colvin's call for an Adirondack preserve found many allies. Fishermen and hunters urged the establishment of a preserve on state lands, and so did physicians. Impressed by Dr. Edward Trudeau's work with tuberculars at Saranac, physicians said that because of the clean mountain air, the state should make the Adirondacks a regional sanatorium. (A number of Adirondack residents are descended from tuberculars who came to take the cure, and Trudeau's grandson, Dr. Francis B. Trudeau, is the voluntary



A relaxed Mark Twain spent many an hour in contemplation at his summer camp in Lower Saranac.

medical adviser to the Olympic biathlon and cross-country contestants at Lake Placid.)

But strange as it may seem to environmentalists today, it was businessmen who took the lead in fighting for an Adirondack preserve. As Frank Graham Jr. notes in *The Adirondack Park: A Political History*, the state Chamber of Commerce and the New York Board of Trade and Transportation argued, most successfully, that the Adirondack watersheds which fed the rivers and canals of the state were essential to the economy and that logging was converting the mountains into a desert.

In 1885 the legislature enacted a law prohibiting the cutting of timber on state lands and then wisely adopted another measure, unique in the U.S., under which the state paid taxes on the state lands to the Adirondack towns in which they lay. This practice continues to the present, and it has prevented local authorities from complaining that the tax burden falls on private-property owners. It has also given all New York residents an interest in having a say about the Adirondacks, because they are paying the taxes on the state lands.

Still, these measures were not enough

to protect the region, and in 1894, in response to the clamor for the preservation of the Adirondacks, a state constitutional convention adopted the Forever Wild clause. That fall the voters approved the new constitution, and the Forever Wild clause went into effect on Jan. 1, 1895.

Through the years no group has dared tamper specifically with the Forever Wild clause, but since 1897 there have been a dozen amendments that have attempted to nibble at the state lands and the park. Almost all have been defeated. In 1953 the voters of the state actually revoked the power of the legislature to build reservoirs in the Forest Preserve, even though the governor, Thomas E. Dewey, a two-time Republican candidate for the presidency, led the battle for the reservoirs. In 1959 the voters narrowly approved construction of the Northway, the superhighway that will take many spectators to Lake Placid for the Olympics, but this amendment passed only because conservation groups were divided on the issue.

Division is not unusual, and this never became more apparent than in 1968 when Laurance Rockefeller, the chairman of the State Council on Parks and the brother of Governor Nelson Rockefeller

continued

Adirondack Park

continued

feller, proposed that the Adirondacks be turned into a national park. National-park status could never afford the measure of constitutional protection provided by the state, but in the uproar that followed it became obvious that something had to be done. The constitution protected state lands, but the rest of the Adirondack Park was a park in name only, except for the Blue Line on the map and an obscure law that prohibited the erection of advertising signs except at a private owner's place of business. This eliminated miles of billboards, but there were newer threats to be faced.

The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and the State Water Resources Commission were talking of impounding the wild waters of the upper Hudson with two dams for reservoirs, and second-home developers were casting a covetous eye on huge tracts of land. Governor Rockefeller appointed a Temporary Study Commission which did not issue any vague, bureaucratic-style report. Instead, it urgently recommended the creation of the Adirondack Park Agency and a strict land-use plan. Prodded by the governor, the legislature established the APA in 1971. In the next two years the APA devised two major master plans for the park. The first classified the state lands, which are administered by the state's Department of Environmental Conservation, into five main categories based on their characteristics and capacity to withstand use. The most strictly controlled lands, which total more than one million acres, are designated as Wilderness, Primitive and Canoe areas. The emphasis is on maintaining these areas as primeval, "where man is a visitor who does not remain." Hiking, cross-country skiing, canoeing, hunting and fishing are permitted, but motorized vehicles and equipment and aircraft are barred.

Another million acres are classified as Wild Forest. Although these lands retain their essentially wild character—the Forever Wild clause still applies—a higher degree of human use is allowed. For example, snowmobiles are permitted, but their use is restricted to marked trails. Finally, there are Intensive Use areas which include existing boat-launching sites, beaches and campgrounds. Inasmuch as the master plan for the state lands did not require approval by the leg-

islature, Governor Rockefeller simply proclaimed the plan to be state policy.

The second plan devised by the APA is called the Adirondack Park Land Use and Development Plan and applies to private land. After a lot of in-fighting and politicking, the legislature adopted it in good part, and it became law in 1973. The plan is complicated, but in essence it is designed to control development, not thwart it, by funneling growth in and around existing hamlets that have roads, services and utilities. Hamlet boundaries were drawn well beyond established settlements to provide room for expansion, and local government has charge of zoning. Private holdings in the Adirondack

but there are still people who don't recognize this, and development in the hamlets, which is not controlled by the APA, is sometimes garish. One tourist attraction sure to throb in the cerebrum of anyone who sees it is the Sterling Alaska Fur and Game Farm, "Home of 1,000 Animals," on the road to Saranac just outside Lake Placid. Affixed with turrets and minarets and painted a Day-Glo red, white and blue, it vandalizes the view of Whiteface in the distance. In *The Adirondack Park*, Frank Graham Jr. notes that when Harold Hochschild was chairman of the Temporary Study Commission, he sought to warn Adirondackers of what might be in the offing by exhibiting a collection of photographs at the Adirondack Museum of the grotesque strip development in the Lake George area. Some staff members feared the museum would be attacked for showing this architectural chamber of horrors. Not to worry. Most of the folks from Lake George delighted in the pictures showing their hometown, and people from other hamlets hoped they could get the same kind of development.

Similarly, when the legislature was debating the APA bill, Marge Lamy, who is now the public relations officer for the agency, got into a shouting match in a starwell with Bob Purdy, the supervisor of the town of Keene. As a final point in her argument Mrs. Lamy yelled at Purdy, "Do you want to see this area turned into another Lake George?" Purdy answered quietly, "Yeah."

Without attempting to gloss over the economic problems that face the Adirondacks, it would appear that some are self-inflicted. A certain percentage of the work force has apparently become culturally conditioned to taking the winter off. These people work just enough, 20 weeks, to go on unemployment. Living off taxpayers isn't confined to urban areas; it's a way of life in the boondocks, too. Cottage industries might offer the solution, or at least a partial solution, to unemployment, but not in the experience of Francis Betters, proprietor of the Adirondack Sport Shop in Wilmington and an authority on Adirondack trout fishing. Betters, who uses some 20,000 flies a year himself, says, "I could sell as many flies as I could get up to my quality. But you just can't get people to hang in there and



John Brown's body lies near Lake Placid

Park are divided into six categories ranging from hamlet to Resource Management Area.

The establishment of the Adirondack Park Agency and adoption of the two master plans did not mean that the park would automatically become the Garden of Eden. The year-round population is 110,000, and historically the Adirondacks have been cursed with seasonal employment. At present, Franklin and Essex counties in the northern Adirondacks have an unemployment rate of 18%, the highest in the state. The basic resource of the park is the out-of-doors,

continued

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A man wearing a red hard hat and a red and black plaid shirt is sitting on a pile of dirt and debris at a construction or logging site. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. In the background, there is a large truck loaded with logs and a yellow bulldozer. The sky is a mix of orange and yellow, suggesting a sunset or sunrise.

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Jeremiah Weed Bourbon Liqueur 100-Proof ©1979 Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn.

work, and I don't want the hassles."

Lake Placid itself is a federally designated depressed area, and local boosters sought the Winter Games to rev up business, not just during the Olympics but afterward as well. When Lake Placid had the Winter Games back in 1932, they were a bust economically. Now the town is trying again, only this time the Winter Games have become a world spectacle, and there is no doubt that the glut of athletes, officials, media and visitors (up to 50,000 a day) will put Lake Placid and the Adirondacks on center stage.

"Inevitably, at some point in the Olympic coverage, the camera's eye will lift from the competition to the surroundings," Bernard R. Carman, editor of the magazine *Adirondack Life*, wrote last summer. "Perhaps it will sweep from a vantage point atop the 90-meter ski jump down the Ausable Valley to craggy, cloud-topped Whiteface, brooding above the wild landscape like some miniature Kanchenjunga. Or perhaps it will turn from the speed-skating oval to catch Algonquin's wrinkled bulk lit by the winter sun, with Marcy's matchless cone glistening on the far horizon. At that moment millions of people, aware of the Adirondacks only dimly or not at all, will discover that here in the midst of the crowded Northeast lies an area of stupendous, stupefying beauty. In that discovery may lie Lake Placid's most important opportunity."

After taking note of the "visual slum of singular ugliness" and the "jungle of motel and restaurant signs" that lead into Lake Placid from east and west, Carman continued, "To make the most of that opportunity, the community would have to take an objective look at itself—at the way it has dealt with its environment and at the way in which it treats visitors, as well as its current press image as a bunch of greedy entrepreneurs making out like bandits.

"There is, alas, little sign that Lake Placid will do any of that. The inquiring reporter of the *Lake Placid News*, posing the question to a random sample of residents, was unable to find anyone who would oppose casino gambling in Lake Placid if the state should legalize it. After years of trying to be Atlantic City without saltwater taffy, Lake Placid has

a chance to acquire a new and more valuable glamour through the Olympics. But the available evidence suggests that a good many local residents are already prepared to settle for being Atlantic City with scenery."

In this age of global pollution, a forever wild clause in a state constitution does not protect a region from contaminants in the atmosphere. In the last decade, acid precipitation has affected, for the worst, most of the northeastern U.S., and the Adirondack Mountains have suffered alarmingly. Acid precipitation in the Adirondacks comes from as far away as the Midwest and Canada, and it has its origins in sulfur and nitrogen oxides emitted by the combustion of petroleum products and coal in power plants, smelters, steel mills, factories and automobiles. These highly acid gases combine with water molecules in the atmosphere, where they remain until returned to earth as constituents of rain, snow or sleet.

The degree of acidity is measured by readings on the pH scale, which runs from zero to 14. Seven is neutral, the numbers above increasingly alkaline, the numbers below increasingly acidic. The pH scale is logarithmic, so that pH 5 is 10 times more acidic than six, and pH four is 100 times more acidic than six. The Adirondacks have received rain and snow with a pH of 3.5. Because of the kinds of rocks and vegetation in the region, the soils are naturally slightly acidic, and thus when it rains near vinegar, the potential for corrosive disaster is very real.

Atop Whiteface, Ray Falconer can see the acid-laden clouds move in from the west. His observatory is one of the major field stations in the country measuring acid precipitation, and tests show that rain that originates high in the atmosphere over the mountains increases in acidity as it falls through the layers of other acid clouds below.

Last July the Adirondack Park Agency expressed its concern to the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency about proposals to allow exceptions to air-quality standards for utilities and industries in Ohio, the source of much of the pollutants causing acid precipitation in the

Adirondacks. The APA also forwarded a report on acid precipitation prepared by one of its own commissioners, Dr. Anne LaBastille, an ecologist who lives in the park. In her report Dr. LaBastille noted that almost 200 lakes at higher elevations in the western Adirondacks had lost their fish life because of acid precipitation and that the park had suffered a \$1.5 million decline in tourist revenues as a result. "Most fish, especially eggs and fingerlings, succumb to acid precipitation in the early spring when the thaw carries accumulated acids from winter snows into water bodies," Dr. LaBastille reported. "These affect the fishes' gill membranes and respiration. Adult females may experience lowered calcium serum levels during reproduction, which decreases fertility and alters spawning behavior."

Acid precipitation has also caused a decline in frog, salamander, loon and other populations. Furthermore, acid precipitation may be lowering the resistance of trees to disease and blight, and browsing animals could be affected. Acid precipitation could also alter soil chemistry by inhibiting the functions of microorganisms in the first few centimeters of topsoil, resulting in slow rates of decomposition and a reduction in nitrogen fixation. Acid precipitation could cause the leaching of lead and copper in water supply pipes. In fact, one study showed unexpectedly high levels of copper and lead in Adirondack springwater unexposed to metal pipes. Finally, acid precipitation could adversely affect buildings and monuments. Among those already affected elsewhere in the world, Dr. LaBastille reported, were the Parthenon, the Colosseum and the Taj Mahal.

In conclusion, Dr. LaBastille noted that devices could be installed to stop emissions that cause acid precipitation, and she urged that they be installed at the earliest date and that costs not be made a limiting factor. So far nothing has been done.

Given all this, it is ironic but fitting that any snow that falls on the Winter Games will be acid. Many of the competing athletes come from countries that also suffer from acid precipitation, and perhaps the publicity that stems from the Olympics will prompt action to halt the ruination of parts of the planet, including the ancient Adirondacks. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 14-20

Compiled by BROOKS CLARK

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: The league's biggest win of the week came when a reportedly injured Laker-Celtic game drew a rating of 5.9 and an audience share of 24.7, beating the Syracuse-Purdue game (aired concurrently on another network) by 3.2 points and 7%—a rare feat for the pros. Philadelphia's master of eight strategy, staged his game ahead of Boston in the Atlantic Division as Julius Erving scored 112 points in four quarters. Atlanta south to Phoenix ended its trip to Iowa over the Spurs in the Hawks Jan. 11-118 to San Diego 101-99 to Cleveland an airtight floor jump that by Walter Davis at the buzzer and 103-102 to Los Angeles. San Antonio's Curry, who leads the league's scorers with 31.4 points a game, had 325 points in just three games. Kansas City atop the Midwest by three games over Milwaukee, beat New York 129-101 and lost to Chicago 111-109. The Kings were on to Detroit Milwaukee 112-108 and fell to Indiana 109-101 as the Pacers won their fourth in a row. Seattle maintained a 1% game lead over L.A. in the Pacific. Division with winners over Golden State 109-101. Washington (129-105) and New York (124-117), where the Knicks have a 20-point lead to lose their sixth straight game. It was the Western-South conference with San Diego had a six-game streak (one under 93-94) to Golden State. It seemed that the Celtics had ended their game when with two seconds remaining and the score 92-89. San Diego's Lorenzen Williams got a shot from the right corner that Referee Bob Ral called a three-pointer. However, Referee called Loren Alexander, who was closer to Williams, ruled that Williams had had the three-point line as he shot—thus making it a good one for two points. By winning 116 points in a 122-112 loss to the Nets, Houston's Rick Barry became only the second player with Chamberlain or Oscar Robertson, John Havlicek and Jerry West as the others—in score 25,000 in his previous career.

NHL: New York City's 11-10 victory at a half-game led over Minnesota in the Midwest Division. New York's victory in Eastern led to six games over St. Louis. Boston, fourth in the Eastern Division, is now in the playoffs. In the West, San Francisco is on top with a record of 12-1 and the league took on the first seven of the Dallas franchise until a new owner for the Bruins can be found.

BOWLING—GARY COKKINSON of Fort Worth, Texas, Nor Little Schlegel 11-10 as the first of a \$125,000 tour in the American Cup.

PRO FOOTBALL—PITTSBURGH beat Los Angeles 31-14 in Super Bowl XVI in a game Jan. 15.

GOLF—JEFF MITCHELL, who won the \$300,000 Phoenix Open with a 13-under-par 273 for his first PGA win, his Maestri finished second at 175.

HOCKEY—NHL: Philadelphia, which leads the league with 70 points, came within four seconds of losing at Washington before Bobby Clarke led the score to 4-0. The Flyers have not failed to the Capitals in 22 games over six seasons, and have a record of 24 wins at home. Buffalo the NHL's second-best club with 62 points, and Vancouver 2-2 and defeated L.A. 4-2 while the place Boston extended its winning streak to five with a back-to-back 6-3 victory over New York. After won over Atlanta 3-2, Chicago, 6-1, and Toronto, 2-1. Montreal had won six straight. Guy Lafleur scored two goals twice, and brought his point total to 85, second in the league behind Los Angeles' Marcel Dionne. In the first meeting over between Edmonton and Pittsburgh a 5-2 game win, Pittsburgh's Ron Jackson high-sticked Wayne Gretzky across the face and precipitated a half-dozen-long brawl. Referees ejected eight players and handed out 195 minutes of penalties, while Gretzky gave Gretzky four minutes above his left eye. In that game Edmonton's Brian MacDonnell scored his second NHL hat-trick, and in an earlier 7-1 Pittsburgh loss at Hartford, Walter J. D'Amico got his first. Regenerated Minnesota split two games with St. Louis, losing 2-1 and winning 3-2 in home to Detroit 3-1.

MOTOR RACING—SPECTACULAR BID 152.10: Bill Auerbach up won the \$100,000 San Fernando Valley 4-4 year old at Santa Anita (page 36).

MOTOR SPORTS—DARRYL E. WALTROP, driving a Chevrolet Monte Carlo at an average speed of 54.974 mph, won the 500 at Riverside 6/99.

SOCCER—FRISCO: The U.S. Soccer Federation announced that the last two weeks by taking 10,000 meters in 1:54.74 at a meet in Denver, Colorado, on Jan. 14.

TENNIS—JIMMY CUNNINGHAM beat John Lichner 6-3, 6-2 to win the \$175,000 Birmingham A's. Lichner is a 1981 Indian Tourist.

WRESTLING—HERRING: An coach by the Baltimore Colts, Mike McORMACK, 49, replaced the late Ted Marchenko. McORMACK, a former All-Pro player with the Cleveland Browns 1954-62, had a 10-2-2 record as a coach.

look which of the Philadelphia Eagles on 1973-74.

WRESTLING—As coach at Arizona State, DARRYL ROGERS, 44, who had a four-season record of 28-18-2 at Michigan State.

WRESTLING—By the New York State Athletic Commission following an investigation into the death on Nov. 28 of boxer Willie Clauss, who was fatally injured five days before in a bout with Wilfred Scappia at Madison Square Garden. MARCO MONTI, Clauss's manager for one year and LEW ESKIN, the referee in the fight, and companion AL LACAVA and MIKE CAPRIANO were indicted.

TRADE—By the San Antonio Spurs, Center BILLY PATEL, 31, to the Houston Rockets for Center/Pace JOHN SHUMATE, a third round 1983 draft choice and an undrafted amount of cash.

WRESTLING—By the Utah Jazz, former NBA scoring leader PETER MARAVICH, 31. The Jazz will pay Maravich \$1.8 million for the 2½ years remaining on his \$3 million contract, signed in 1977.

DEED—BARBARA HIGDON, a 13-year-old boxer from Brady, Ky., of brain convulsions six days after a Jan. 12 amateur bout, in Indianapolis, W. Va. The fight, which was held in Lenoir, W. Va. and which Higdon won, was not sanctioned by the AABA, under whose rules headgear which Higdon was not wearing would have been mandatory. He was the fourth 13-year-old in two months to die of injuries sustained in the ring.

DEED—WRESTLING CHAIRMAN WILLIAM J. McLean, 56, who suffered a heart attack during a bout against Marion Neuling at the Hartford 6/99, died at a Connecticut State Hospital. McLean was a former All-Pro player with the Cleveland Browns 1954-62, who was a member of the Cleveland Browns 1954-62, who was a member of the Cleveland Browns 1954-62, who was a member of the Cleveland Browns 1954-62.

CREDITS

4—1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THAT CALL

Sir:

In your Nov. 19 SCORECARD, under "They Said It," NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, "marveling at how little controversy NFL officials have stirred up this season," was quoted as saying: "They might be waiting for the playoffs." The officials made him a prophet when they denied Houston a critical touchdown on the Pastorius-Renfro pass in the AFC championship game (*Hitting a Wall of Steel*, Jan. 14). What the officials need is more good old-fashioned guts.

MAX R. MOORE
Bellevue, Neb.

Sir:

The officials were wrong, and everyone knows it.

MARK LUSTIG
Brooklyn

Sir:

Let's not make excuses for the Oilers' loss to the Steelers. Paul Zimmerman spent most of his article crying for the Oilers because of a bad call by the officials. The Oilers got beat, and that's that. What about that bad call in the Houston-Pittsburgh game on Monday Night Football a few weeks back when the officials denied Pittsburgh a legitimate outside kick? The Oilers weren't crying then.

W. A. WATKINS
Kountze, Texas

Sir:

The controversial call in favor of Pittsburgh in the AFC championship game underscores the need for some technological assistance for the NFL officials. The officials are not to blame. Nobody else could do better under the circumstances. But let's give them and their credibility a break. Pro football is a multimillion-dollar sport. Let's see the NFL spend a few hundred thousand on the equipment necessary to back up its officials for the sake of the game.

EL WILLIAM DETTMER
Cheyenne, Wyo.

RAM FANS

Sir:

For 12 long years I've suffered through the many frustrations Los Angeles Ram fans have had to endure, but finally my prayer was answered: the Rams won a trip to the ever-elusive Super Bowl. I eagerly awaited the arrival of your article on the Rams' shutout of Tampa Bay in the NFC championship game, only to be dismayed by its disparaging tone (*A Game of Resistible Forces*, Jan. 14). Come on, SI, you really let me down.

TONY THEISS
Myrtle Creek, Ore.

Sir:

You said the Rams-Bucs game was "boring." What's so boring about a superbly played defensive battle? Just one big play could have turned the game around.

MITCH WILLIAMS
Goleta, Calif.

Sir:

The once 5-6 Rams are NFC champions, and neither a loss to the mighty Steelers nor Joe Marshall's arsenic-tipped pen can deny them their achievements. And if the Steelers spend too much time "snickering," the Rams just might get in the last laugh. Stranger things have happened.

HARLAN BRANIKY
Los Angeles

• See page 10.—ED.

THREE-POINTERS

Sir:

Congratulations to Bruce Newman on his analysis of the new three-point shot in the NBA (*Now It's Bombs Away in the NBA*, Jan. 7). Unfortunately the three-pointer is only another gimmick to boost attendance and TV ratings.

If NBA executives had any smarts they would revise their rules to conform to those on the college level, where zone defenses, slow-down offenses, the five-foot disqualification and the absence of the shot clock often enable a less-talented team to upset a heavy-weight. The college game has never needed the three-pointer, the red-white-and-blue ball, the Ann Meyers gimmick, the annual play to un-retire Wilt Chamberlain or a Great White Hope to survive.

BENNY P. GRANT
Asheville, N.C.

Sir:

It is rules like the three-point field goal—along with the 24-second clock—that are turning pro basketball into a one-on-one school-yard game. One of your pictures illustrates this perfectly. Brian Taylor is taking a three-point shot while his teammate stands wide open beneath the basket. No wonder interest is down.

MICKEY ABRESHAUS
Flagstaff, Ariz.

Sir:

Loose-ball fouls, three-to-make-two, the 24-second clock, even the nefarious "continuation two-shot foul" seem traditional when compared with the three-point field goal. All the NBA lacks in its quest to become a bona fide three-ring circus is a dancing bear.

KEVIN EMBREE
Portland, Ore.

Sir:

As I see it, Chris Ford's three-point-field-goal percentage of .471 is, in an important sense, seriously misleading. Since three-point shots are worth 50% more than a normal field goal, Ford's "real" shooting percentage is an astronomical .706. He shot 40 for 85 to produce 120 points. A two-point shooter would have to go 60 for 85 to achieve the same results. The same is true of the other three-point shooters. Larry Bird's apparently anemic .364 shooting percentage becomes a respectable .545 when viewed in these terms. Thus, when properly employed, the three-point shot is actually a high-percentage play, despite its opposite appearance.

DAN COLLINS
New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

The three-point-shot rule makes pro basketball much more exciting. Now you can say the whole game is worth watching, not just the final two minutes.

TODD GOLDBERG
Wilmington, Del.

TAMED FLYERS

Sir:

In reference to your article on the Flyers, I somehow got the impression that the entire team would soon be canonized (*And the Broad Street Screamers Skate On*, Jan. 14).

Flyer Coach Pat Quinn's team has changed its game a little bit, but please let's wait before stating that the Icopard has changed its spots.

GENT WRONKO
Lyndhurst, N.J.

Sir:

Your SCORECARD item (Jan. 7) on NHL brawling and the recommended ultimate solution is very interesting. The Western Collegiate Hockey Association adopted the progressive penalty rule several years ago and finds it a highly successful deterrent to excessive fighting in the league.

Of course, there is always the player who is trying to impress the scouts and the fans with his toughness, and nothing will stop him from fighting. But the really good college players want to play hockey, not fight.

The pros could certainly benefit from a strict penalty assessment for fighting—the sooner the better—before someone is seriously hurt.

MARGARET M. SMITH
Okemos, Mich.

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